

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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IN DISTURBED MOROCCO: THE SLAVE MARKET IN MOROCCO CITY.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

*The slave market at Marrakesh (Morocco City) is held in the Sok-el-Abeed three times a week, in the two hours that precede the setting of the sun and the closing of the city gates. The market-place is an open space of bare, dry ground hemmed in with tapia walls, and with a ruinous arcade stretching across the centre. The wealthy patrons seat themselves on the ground, and the auctioneer, after a prayer to Allah, marches his wares round and round the enclosure, receiving bids as he goes.*

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Our new Treaty with Japan is a sore trial to our fidget-and-fumble politicians. "More entanglements!" they cry. "What will the natives of India think of our helpless dependence on an Asiatic Power? What will Europe think? Suppose there should be a coalition against us!" These dreadful thoughts make them shiver in their shoes. Their idea of a safe and dignified foreign policy is to sit and wring their hands, and let destiny shape itself as it pleases, and hope that other Powers will not be so unkind as to meddle with British interests. They are like Tolstoy, who looks into a paper and "cannot see that anybody is going to attack us." Therefore let us remember, dear friends, that, as one enlightened prophet says, "the money wasted on warlike preparations and on strong drink would within a generation purchase the land of the United Kingdom for its people." If we would all turn Quakers and teetotallers, and drink nothing but cocoa, the next generation would live on its allotments, equally divided, to every man a furlong or two; and peace and contentment would reign. But we have gone and made this bloodthirsty alliance with the Japanese, who will expect us to carry out our bond by keeping up the Navy!

I notice in one quarter a spasm of sombre joy at the thought that the new alliance will put an end to the agitation for "conscription in foreign service." All plans for inducing the nation to take a direct and personal interest in its Army are classed under the general stigma of conscription. If a schoolboy is made to drill and handle a rifle, that is conscription. If the adult male population up to the age of twenty were required to give some weeks in the year to military training, but without any compulsion to serve with the colours, that would be conscription. It is assumed to be an essential guarantee of our precious freedom that the nation shall know little about the Army, and care less. Ours must remain the one country where the private soldier is turned out of places of entertainment on account of his uniform. This is how we maintain our ennobling ideal of civic liberty. And now we are told that the Japanese alliance is a useful thing after all, for it should silence the agitators who would have every Englishman feel, as in the old, old days, that the might of his country is in his own right arm. And this new conception of national spirit appears, if you please, in the very journal which asks us what the natives of India will think of our reliance on the military strength of Japan!

Perhaps they will be reassured by the preparations for the football campaign. An enterprising morning paper announces that it has engaged the services of many illustrious persons, headed by the "Bentley-Lewis-McGregor triumvirate." The intelligent Asiatic, who naturally assumes these worthies to be conspicuous organisers of our national greatness, will wonder that he has never heard of them before, and that their names are excluded from contemporary text-books. What have they to do with books? A North of England bookseller complains in the *Book Monthly* that the clients who used to patronise his circulating library in the autumn, winter, and spring have forsaken him. "They give to football, and to heated talk about it, what was meant for books." They read the "chatty contributions" and the "inimitable articles" of the great triumvirate. Amongst the writers who are to illuminate the enterprising morning paper I notice the "international Corinthian." Falstaff prided himself on being a Corinthian; there are Corinthians in "Tom and Jerry"; a certain style of rather full-blooded prose used to be called Corinthian; the Corinthian Club came to an end because its nocturnal gambols affrighted the propriety of St. James's Square. All these Corinthians are rich in historical associations; but what is this "international Corinthian" who is going to be "chatty" and "inimitable," and a great begetter of "heated talk," and the neglect of intelligent reading?

I see there is a Bill before the South Dakota Legislature to make football a crime, punishable by a fine of a thousand dollars or five years' imprisonment. The reforming mind is rather impetuous in South Dakota; it is almost as hasty as the philanthropist who wants to abolish the Army and Navy, and your glass of beer, in order to buy all the land in the country from people who don't want to sell it. Football is a good game for boys; but the professional teams that play it for the cash of mobs that gape at it with no exercise of mind or body, for nine months in the year—well, a touch of South Dakota discipline might not be amiss for them. Perhaps we shall be told that they are guardians of our liberties; that the "chatty" triumvirate and the "inimitable" Corinthian are helping to save us from conscription. While our adolescent manhood is absorbed in the spectacle of football, it can find no time for a training that would be of service to the country; no time for exercises that would beget a patriotic interest in national affairs. Sir Charles Dilke has been pointing out that the floating

mine has made a material change in naval warfare, and that invasion is less difficult than it used to be because our ships cannot keep an effective patrol of our coasts. This is vastly more important than inimitable chats about football; but it passes almost without notice. If we had an invasion to-morrow, the "international Corinthian" would delight his readers by challenging the invaders to a match under the Association rules.

I wish some follower of the sage would tell us what he thinks of those thirteen columns of Tolstoy in last week's *Times*. Just when the war in the Far East was ended, and the world turned with grateful acclamation to President Roosevelt, who had done so much to ensure peace, we had this diatribe of Tolstoy's against all sovereigns and statesmen, past, present, and to come, especially the statesmen in countries under constitutional rule. It is no more possible, says this amiable philosopher, for a statesman to be virtuous than it is for a drunkard to be abstemious. He cannot be even "incompletely immoral"; he is a thorough-paced hypocrite and villain. Among the awful examples we have Gladstone, Salisbury, and Roosevelt. Casting his eye over English history, Tolstoy cites Cromwell, a man steeped in iniquity, who "destroys the very faith for which he pretends to strive." This faith was Puritanism. How did Cromwell destroy that? Will some Tolstoy disciple, I say, have the kindness to tell us how these views are to be reconciled with common-sense? An American observer, Dr. Andrew White, reporting the impressions left on him by Tolstoy's conversation, says that no eminent man of letters was ever so much in need of contact with the world. He shuts himself up, broods over his ideas, and becomes a dreamy monomaniac, completely out of touch with mankind. And yet there are some innocent people (we have lots of them in this country) who hold his lightest word in holy awe.

The poor, dear man has the notion that a Government, every Government, must be wicked, because it is an organisation of a minority to rule the majority. When the majority delegate the management of their national affairs to this gang of evil-doers, they are slaves, it seems, who cannot distinguish between slavery and freedom. What the majority should do is to abolish the Government, and appoint some discreet persons to collect voluntary contributions towards the cost of managing the common interests. As these discreet persons would be a minority, how could they be kept from hypocrisy and villainy? Will some Tolstoy disciple kindly explain? In this agreeable chaos, which would be the external manifestation of "the Kingdom of God within you," nobody would be punished for any offence against the community. Tolstoy reminds me of nothing so much as the Jackdaw of Rheims, after that bird's conversion—

If anyone laughed, or anyone swore,

That little Jackdaw

Would give a great caw,

As much as to say: "Don't do so any more!"

In Tolstoy's Utopia, when anybody misconducts himself, that venerable Jackdaw will give that great caw. No doubt it will serve all the purposes of judge and jury.

If you had paid heaven knows what for a bronze statue of an ancient Roman, and the curator of the museum to which you presented this priceless work coolly told you it was a fraud, how would you take the insult? Would you withdraw the statue, or go for the curator? It happens sometimes that the authorities of the Louvre are taken in, and find that masterpieces they had supposed to be genuine will not bear examination. When this is the case, they are at least polite to the critic who exposes the deception; they take an early opportunity of quietly removing the treasures he has unmasked. But this is not Mr. Pierpont Morgan's way. When the curator of the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York pointed the finger of incredulous scorn at Mr. Morgan's bronze statue of Caius Vibius Gallus, the affronted millionaire did not remove the statue; he had the curator removed by the police. It was intolerable that a work of art, for which he had given thousands of pounds, should be derided by a beggarly connoisseur who, on the pretext of safeguarding the public interest in genuine relics of antiquity, actually had the effrontery to reject the millionaire's noble gift.

Tolstoy wrote a treatise entitled "What is art?" and distinguished by his wonted originality. He pronounced the sculpture of the Greeks to be "coarse and meaningless," which may explain why the treatise is not of much account to sculptors. I fear it is no use to Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Let him keep up that bold stand on his money. What he says is art ought to be art in the museum which is "bossed" by his dollars. As for the curator, who had to be ejected by the police, is he prepared to reimburse Mr. Morgan's outlay on Caius Vibius Gallus? Probably not; then what right has he to cast a slur on that Roman gentleman? The moral of the story is that there is an art for American millionaires and an art for the rest of us; and we must be content with that, and not presume to meddle with the other.

## IN THE STEPS OF LITTLE NELL.

(See Illustrations.)

It was quite incidentally that Charles Dickens became acquainted with the charming village which he afterwards selected as the scene of the closing days of his child-heroine, Little Nell.

Dickens was on a visit to the Midlands, and was taken to see the historic oak at Boscombe, in which it is said Charles II. hid from his enemies. By a variation of the route on the journey back from Boscombe, Tong was included, and the quiet charm of the old-world village, with its stately church, quaint timbered houses, and winding lanes, at once captivated the astute writer, who always had a keen eye for beauty, and who was ever on the look-out for suitable settings for his stories. The mother of the present parish clerk, who died at an advanced age only a couple of years or so ago, well remembered the visit of the novelist; and during last summer a relative of Dickens paid a visit to Tong, bringing with her some sketches of the church, etc., which her renowned kinsman had either made himself on his brief visit, or (more probably) had caused to be made, for the refreshment of his memory and for the greater accuracy of description. Otherwise, also, the authentication is complete.

Readers of "The Old Curiosity Shop" will remember the long wanderings of Little Nell and her grandfather until they reached the Black Country, with their many adventures on the road thither. The Black Country was blacker then than it is now; for one modern blast-furnace does the work of three of the old type, and what used to be regarded as waste products are now utilised, so that the region is not quite the same fiery furnace of a place by night and murky smudge by day as at the period when Dickens knew it; but it retains enough of its old character to form still a realistic setting to the story of the journey by canal-boat to the smoky locality, and the bewildered wanderings of the horrified pilgrims after it was reached. "They had for some time been gradually approaching the place for which they were bound. The water had become thicker and dirtier; other barges, coming from it, passed them frequently; the paths of coal-ash and huts of staring brick marked the vicinity of some great manufacturing town; while scattered streets and houses, and smoke from distant furnaces, indicated that they were already in the outskirts. Now, the clustered roofs and piles of buildings, trembling with the work of engines, and dimly resounding with their shrieks and throbings; the tall chimneys vomiting forth a black vapour, which hung in a dense, ill-favoured cloud above the house-tops and filled the air with gloom; the clank of hammers beating upon iron, the roar of busy streets and noisy crowds, gradually augmenting, until all the various sounds blended into one, and none was distinguishable for itself, announced the termination of their journey." The description of the huge ironworks, filled with fierce glare though with corners of gloom, and "a hundred strange unearthly noises never heard elsewhere," with its workmen who "moved like demons among the flame and smoke," where they spent the night; the unlovely route of the next day, amid places where "the struggling vegetation sickened and sank under the hot breath of kiln and furnace"—all are sketched with a faithful hand, until the reader almost gasps for breath amid the murk, and longs for his own emancipation, as well as for that of Little Nell, from this cheerless neighbourhood.

The emancipation is complete when it comes, and the remaining part of the journey through sweet country-land is described with equal fidelity to fact; and he who knows the country has no difficulty in following the route, despite the license which the author has taken here and there to lengthen the road somewhat. The "large town" from which the last part of the journey is made is manifestly Wolverhampton, from which the road to Tong is plain; and not so long, as the creator of Nell admits, as to necessitate a night's rest on the way, although the dignity of the schoolmaster, in whose company the pilgrims were travelling, demanded it, in order that the village, which was their destination, might be entered in due state.

The reader can only now be referred to the story for a very accurate description of the village. Dickens has taken a few liberties with the schoolmaster's house, placing it nearer the church than it actually is, and "working in" some ruins near at hand for effect. The cottage shown in the illustration was for generations the abode of the village schoolmaster and parish clerk combined, and is now succeeded by an up-to-date school-house not far away. It is known to all as Little Nell's Cottage.

The main interest centres in the church and the churchyard—"It was for such a spot the child had wearied in the dense, dark, miserable haunts of labour." The many monuments within the church, in the midst of which Nell loved to sit and ponder, are historic, for they represent noble families of well-known name and famous deeds; but they now derive their principal interest from the ghostly presence of "the child" which seems among them still. The death of Little Nell is one of the most pathetic passages in English literature, and her sleeping-place, merely imaginary though it be, is sacred to all readers of the master's books. It is said that Hengist of old founded the neighbouring castle, and, by a sharp trick, gave the place its name of "Thong"; but far more widely known and deeply regarded than the stately castle is the humble cottage of the schoolmaster, in which the winsome child of fiction faded to her death. Famous names have been associated with Tong since Hengist's day—Dorothy Vernon, of romantic memory, among the rest; but the place will be known to posterity—at least, to such as may be wise enough to read the books of one whose name a generation ago was one to conjure with—not on account of its curious origin or more recent serious history, but simply and sufficiently as the resting-place of Little Nell.

C. S. S.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "OLIVER TWIST," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Last Monday evening Mr. Tree put up for a run the stage version of "Oliver Twist" which, as prepared by Mr. Comyns Carr, was given its first hearing at His Majesty's Theatre on the last night of our leading actor-manager's summer season. Certain changes have been effected in the cast—thus, Miss Nellie Bowman replaces Miss Hilda Trevelyan in the name-part; Miss Alma Murray, of "Cenci" fame, appears as Mrs. Maylie; and Miss Jennie Lee, known the world over for her "Jo," strives to put colour into the character of Mrs. Bedwin. But, with all respect to the players concerned, it cannot be said that these changes are of much material consequence. In point of fact, it is impossible to galvanise into real vitality the various lay-figures which in Dickens's early novel act as benevolent protectors to the unhappy young Oliver. The lad himself is the mere pivot of the tale's very tangled plot, and such figures as pretty Rose Maylie and her lover and mother, or Mr. Brownlow and Mr. Grimwig—nay, even the villain Monks himself—are but automata, useful enough as eking out the plot, but entirely lacking in real emotional interest. Not all the personal charm, for instance, of Miss Lettice Fairfax and Mr. Basil Gill can make Rose and her Harry particularly interesting. No, the only characters that stand out boldly in Mr. Comyns Carr's neat adaptation—and this limitation of dramatic force is Dickens's fault, not his adapter's—are, on the one hand, the rascally Jew, Fagin, and to a less degree his school of thieves; and, on the other hand, Bill Sikes and Nancy. Appropriately enough, therefore, these parts give scope to the most striking acting at His Majesty's. Mr. Lyn Harding's portrait of the murderous Sikes has gained in masterful brutality. Miss Constance Collier has never shown more sincerity, more passionate and stormy vehemence, or more touching pathos than in her impersonation of Nancy. And as for Mr. Tree's Fagin—this grim, sardonic, ghastly creature is made by the actor a very nightmare of lurid villainy, a thing to haunt one's dreams, an achievement in the sphere of the bizarre and the fantastic worthy of the great magician whose imagination gave the monster birth.

## "THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM," AT THE CRITERION.

If in scheme of plot and arrangement of score the new Criterion musical comedy scarcely departs from the conventional pattern set by innumerable predecessors of its class at Daly's, there is a certain daintiness about its story, its setting, and even occasionally its music, as well as a vivacity about its interpretation, which should recommend "The White Chrysanthemum" to favourable consideration. To begin with, the tale it tells is not too long, is quite pretty, and strikes sometimes a genuine note of pathos. Rather affecting is the situation of its lovelorn heroine, who, after following a naval lieutenant to Japan, has to disguise herself as a geisha to escape the lynx eyes of his admiral, and so suffers the pangs of jealousy; and with sprightly Miss Isabel Jay cast for this picturesque rôle and supplied by Mr. Howard Talbot with sentimental music that is amiable if unambitious, the love-passages of a musical comedy produce for once an impression of sincerity. Then, too, the fun, while it adheres to familiar lines—Mr. Morand representing the usual Chinaman; Mr. Rutland Barrington, as Admiral, singing the customary topical ditty; Miss Marie George figuring as a dashing American girl; and Mr. Lawrence Grossmith appearing in a G. P. Huntley part—is acceptable enough, thanks to the high spirits of the performers. And finally, the two sets of the play, those of the chrysanthemum garden and the bungalow, make charming Japanese pictures, which the uniforms of the naval officers and the dresses of the English and Japanese girls fill in with happy appropriateness.

## "THE LATE MR. CASTELLO," AT GREAT QUEEN STREET.

The Mermaid Repertory Theatre began its autumn season at Great Queen Street last Monday with a revival of Mr. Sydney Grundy's comedy, "The Late Mr. Castello." In this amusing play—produced ten years ago at the Comedy—it will be remembered that stocks and shares and the jargon of the "City" fill a prominent place; while the fun of the piece depends on the rivalry of a susceptible officer and a more elderly suitor for the hand of the late Mr. Castello's pretty widow and on the manoeuvres of that lady's scheming mother. Mrs. Theodore Wright plays the older lady at Great Queen Street with a fine, broad sense of humour, and Miss Ada Potter overcomes successfully the rôle of the young widow, while Mr. Eric Blind and Mr. Ben Field give every satisfaction as the rival suitors. Agreeably acted as it is, there should be a fresh lease of life in store for Mr. Grundy's bright little play.

## THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

This week's Wagner night at the Queen's Hall was the most interesting Mr. Wood has yet given us. The programme opened with "Klingsor's Magic Garden" and the "Flower Maidens' Chorus" from "Parsifal" (Steinbach's arrangement), and the infinite wonder and mystery of the music aroused an almost painful longing for the time when it will be possible to hear in this country the whole of the greatest of Wagner's Graal compositions. Those who have not heard the work in its entirety are handicapped in the attempt to co-ordinate fugitive excerpts, but at this performance Mr. Wood brought us many steps nearer to the desired realisation. "Wotan's Farewell" and the "Fire Music" from the "Valkyrie" formed the third number, and the vocal part was undertaken by Mr. Sydney Jarvis, who has not yet appeared at these concerts. It was a relief that he sang in German, for the one thing the Promenade programmes cannot be congratulated upon is the heartrending English translations which, presumably for "popularity's" sake, they wed in

unholy alliance to the music. Mr. Jarvis came through the ordeal of the Wotan declamation with admirable credit. His voice may, perhaps, be a little light for the part, but his attack was vigorous and his instinct true. Had it been possible the house would have heard him again in the same number, and he thoroughly deserved his recalls. The same evening Miss Winifred Ludlam ventured with tolerable success the closing scene of "Die Götterdämmerung." But it must be confessed that vocally these concerts leave something to be desired, although orchestrally they are incomparable.

## WEI-HAI-WEI.

It is suggested that, with the disappearance of Russia from Port Arthur and the new Treaty between England and Japan, the British occupation of Wei-Hai-Wei is no longer necessary and that the port should be restored to China. But although the Russians have gone for ever from Port Arthur, the Germans remain at Kiaochow, which, like Wei-Hai-Wei, is in the province of Shantung. Germany has shown a marked disposition to extend her authority in that province without the slightest scruple; and if we were to surrender our own lease, it is not in the least likely that the Germans would follow our example. On the other hand, the operation of the new Anglo-Japanese Treaty would make it difficult and dangerous for Germany to engage in any further filibustering at China's expense. We have not made Wei-Hai-Wei a great naval base; and our lease is in no way an infringement of Chinese authority. Perhaps it would be better to leave our occupation of the port as part of the *status quo* which the new Treaty is to maintain.

## MAGISTRATES AND MOTOR-CARS.

It is to be hoped that the Royal Commission of inquiry into the working of the Motor-Car Act will take some evidence from the wisecracks of the Andover Petty Sessions. On the main road between Andover and Whitchurch, at the bottom of a long and dangerous hill, and just beyond the cross-roads, the local police have measured 220 yards of clear road, which they watch from the hedges, in the hope that the motorist, who has descended the hill and passed the cross-roads with the utmost caution, will increase his speed through the trap. In a recent case one constable swore that seven or eight miles an hour along that measured distance would be dangerous, and another put the danger at three or four miles an hour! A horse-drawn vehicle, driven at either pace, would not be meddled with, of course; but the motorist is fair game, because he contributes handsomely to the total of fines, which at Andover amounts to over £800 a year. This is the sort of anomaly which should make it expedient to inquire into the sapience of the bench.

## AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

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*Tongues of Gossip.* A. Curtis Sherwood. (Unwin.)  
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## THE COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS.

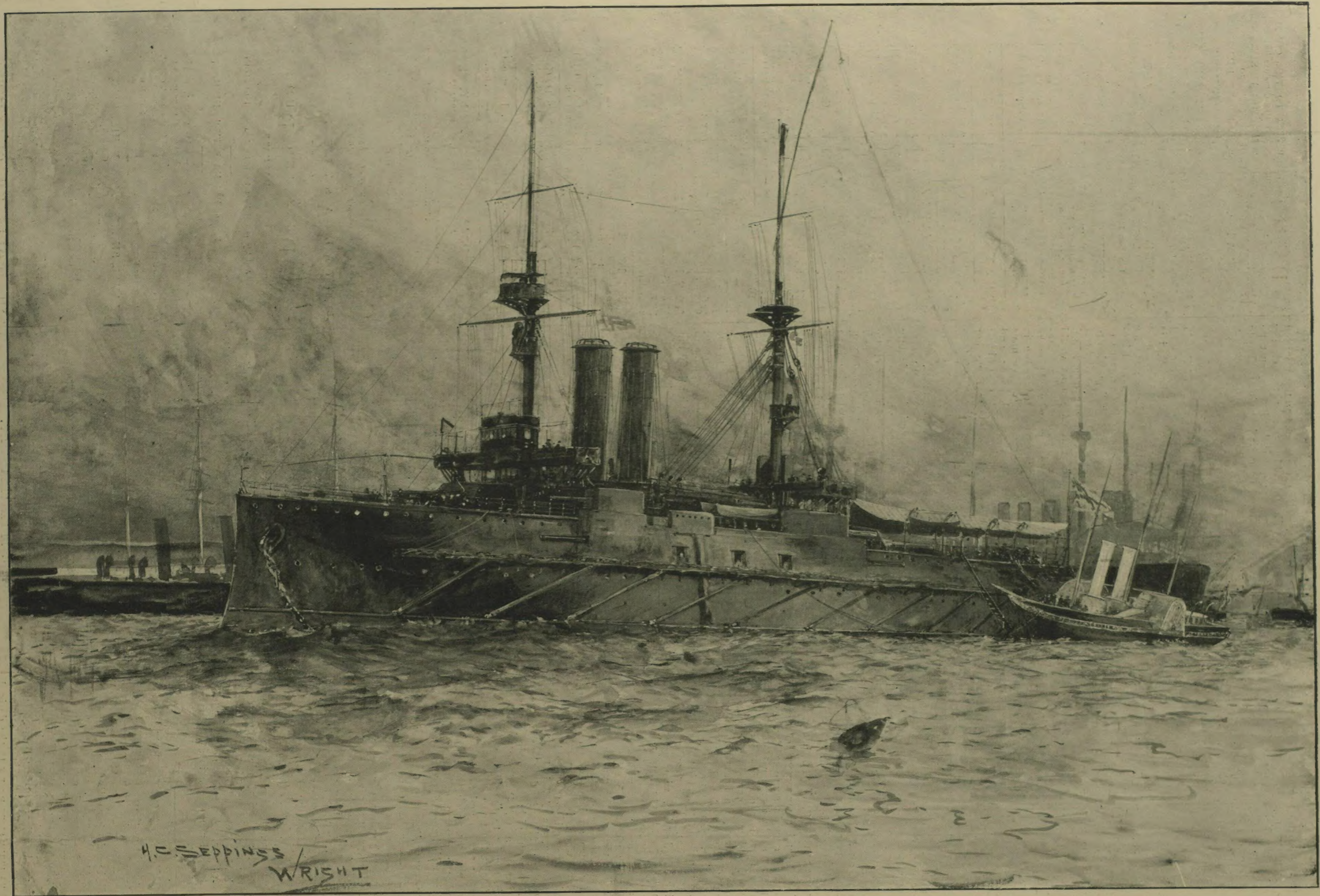
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# A WAR-SHIP AT LARGE: THE EXCITING INCIDENT IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.



THE DRIFTING BATTLE-SHIP "DOMINION" RUNNING DOWN THE KING'S YACHT "ALBERTA" IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

Early in the morning of September 3, the battle-ship "Dominion," a vessel of 15,000 tons, broke loose from her moorings at North Corner, in Portsmouth Harbour, and drifted down upon other vessels. She first struck the gun-boat "Ant," carrying away her mooring-stanchions, and then she collided with and smashed a private yacht, the occupants of which had a narrow escape. Next she struck the King's yacht "Alberta" on the starboard quarter, staving in the bulwarks and injuring the paddles. Finally, the "Dominion" headed for the Gosport shore and brought up on a mudbank. The accident has rather anticipated the "Alberta's" fate, as that vessel will be broken up when the King's new turbine-yacht is ready.

# APPEASING THE SNAKES: A STRANGE SEPTEMBER CEREMONY IN UPPER LOMBARDY.

DRAWN BY RICCARDO PELLEGRINI.



THE RITE OF THE SERPENT: THE PROCESSION OF SEPTEMBER 8 IN THE VALLE MAGGIO, UPPER LOMBARDY.

*The weird procession here illustrated is held during the vintage at Maggio, a region which abounds in vipers. The celebrants carry huge figures of snakes, made of skins stuffed with cotton wool, and as they go they weep and lament, believing that by the expiatory ceremony they will render themselves proof against snake-bites during the grape-gathering.*

## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## THE TREATY OF PEACE.

After a week spent in the discussion of the exact form to be taken by the Articles of Peace, Sept. 4 was fixed for the signature by the plenipotentiaries at Portsmouth, but at the last moment the signing was delayed till the 5th, owing, it was said, to the heavy clerical work involved in drawing up the document, but partly, perhaps, to further microscopic criticism by Japan of certain details, and to the Russian superstition that Monday is an unlucky day. Although the broad outlines of the agreement are perfectly well known, the actual text of the Treaty will not be published until it has been ratified by the two Emperors, which ratification must take place within fifty days of its signature by the plenipotentiaries. The Treaty has been engrossed in English and in French.

## THE ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY.

Pending exact knowledge of the terms on which the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has been renewed for a further period of five years, the outlines of the agreement foreshadowed by the most trustworthy portion of the Press have been generally accepted as true. The most significant detail is that bearing on the security of India, and it is generally recognised that any Power which might threaten our greatest Eastern possession would find that it had to deal not only with Great Britain, but with Japan. A section of the Russian Press has allowed itself to be very angry over the affair, but from this attitude the *Russ*, which often reflects the opinion of high diplomacy, has taken care to dissociate itself. It points out that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance did a great deal to bring about peace, and that it was far more influential towards that end than another Power whose boasts are unfounded. The last remark is an obvious offset to the cry of those Russian journalists who have been talking darkly about the advisability of an alliance with a neighbouring Power. The *Russ*, in a word, calls upon Russia to stop blundering ingloriously about the backstairs of Asia, and to resume her proper place in the Councils of Europe. The game of Eastern aggression, it points out, is not worth the candle.



Photo. Barraud.  
MR. THOMAS MILVAIN, K.C.,  
NEW JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL.

OUR PORTRAITS. Signor Tamagno, the famous Italian tenor, whose performance of *Otello* at Covent Garden some years ago could only be described as tremendous, died at Varese on Aug. 31. Tamagno was

born at Turin in 1851, and his talent was early recognised by a poor Milanese musician, who advised him to try his fortune on the stage. His first engagement was at his native town, at the Reggi Theatre, and in due time he had risen to La Scala, where he took part in



Photo. Guigoni and Bossi, Milan.  
THE LATE SIGNOR TAMAGNO.  
THE FAMOUS ITALIAN TENOR.

the first performance of Verdi's "*Otello*." His earliest London appearance was at the Lyceum in 1889. Six years later he was at Covent Garden, where he sang for the last time in 1901. He contrived to keep his earnings and died a millionaire. He once began a South



THE CRABBE CELEBRATIONS AT ALDEBURGH: MOOT HALL.

The poet George Crabbe was a native of Aldeburgh, in Suffolk, and was for a time curate there. From Aldeburgh life and scenery he drew the materials of many of his writings. Moot Hall, one of the most picturesque of Aldeburgh antiquities, dates from the early sixteenth century.

American tour which was abruptly terminated at Buenos Ayres by the outbreak of a revolution.

The new Judge-Advocate-General, who succeeds to the office held by the late Lord St. Helier, better known as Sir Francis Jeune, is Mr. Thomas Milvain, K.C., M.P. He also holds the office of Recorder of Bradford, and is Chancellor of the County Palatine of Durham. Mr. Milvain is a Bencher of the Middle Temple, who was called to the Bar in 1869, and took silk nineteen years later. Since 1902 he has sat in Parliament for Hampstead in the Unionist interest. The office of Judge-Advocate-General, which includes the supervision of courts-martial, is not one that has hitherto bulked very large in the public eye, and outside legal circles very few people associated it with the last holder. Once or twice the *Court Circular* contained the announcement that the King had received the Judge-Advocate-General, and probably not one in ten persons guessed that Sir Francis Jeune was referred to.

Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren, who died on Sept. 2, was less distinguished as a musician than his brother, the late Sir G. A. Macfarren, but he did a great deal of lasting service to music both as a composer and as an editor. In 1846 he was appointed Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music, a position he held until two years ago. He was president of the Tonal Art Club, vice-president of the Musical Association, and member of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music. He was formerly a director and treasurer of the Philharmonic Society, and from 1848 to 1851 he was organist at Harrow School. His compositions include sacred and secular songs and piano music, but he was most

closely associated with the editions of Mozart's pianoforte compositions and Beethoven's sonatas. He also edited the "*Popular Classics*" for the pianoforte, a very extensive series of transcripts.

## THE BRITISH FLEET AT DANTZIC.

The Chief Burgomaster of Dantzic has a great acquaintance with English history and English literature. At the banquet given to the Admiral and officers of the Channel Fleet in the Artus Hall at Dantzic, Herr Ehlers waxed exceedingly academic and followed the Danish precedent of promoting international good feeling by historical references to old conflicts. He recalled the trouble between Edward IV. and Dantzic 430 years ago, and he trusted that a similarly long period of peace was in store between England and the municipality. Mere ties of blood, he said, were not sufficient for friendship; the two nations must unite in carrying on the work of

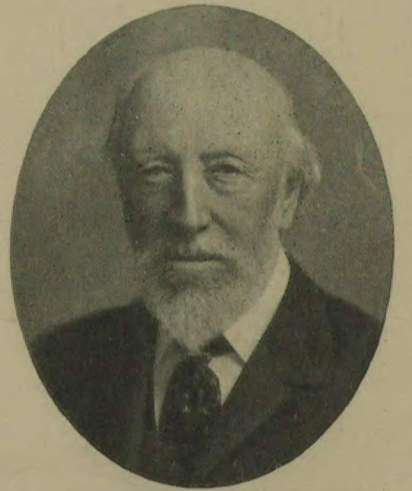


Photo. Russell.  
THE LATE MR. WALTER MACFARREN,  
EMINENT MUSICIAN.



Photo. Alfieri and Lacroix.  
THE MOTOR WATER-CART: A NEW MUNICIPAL INSTITUTION AT TURIN.

No public vehicle can escape the influence of petrol, and Turin has now its automobile water-cart. The machine, the front view of which might easily be mistaken for one of the creations of Mr. H. G. Wells's brain, has a very wide radius of water-distribution, and may probably be useful during the labour riots which are not infrequent in northern Italy.



Photo. Illustrations Bureau.  
ACTORS V. JOCKEYS, AT LORDS: RIVAL TEAMS IN THE CRICKET MATCH OF SEPT. 4.

The match was played in aid of the Actors' Orphanage Fund, and resulted in a win for the actors. Among the players were Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Robert Evett, Mr. Louis Bradfield, Mr. J. Blakeley, Mr. Tom Cannon Jun., Mr. Mornington Cannon, Mr. K. Cannon, Mr. P. Chaloner, and Mr. D. Maher. Mr. George Edwardes superintended the arrangements.

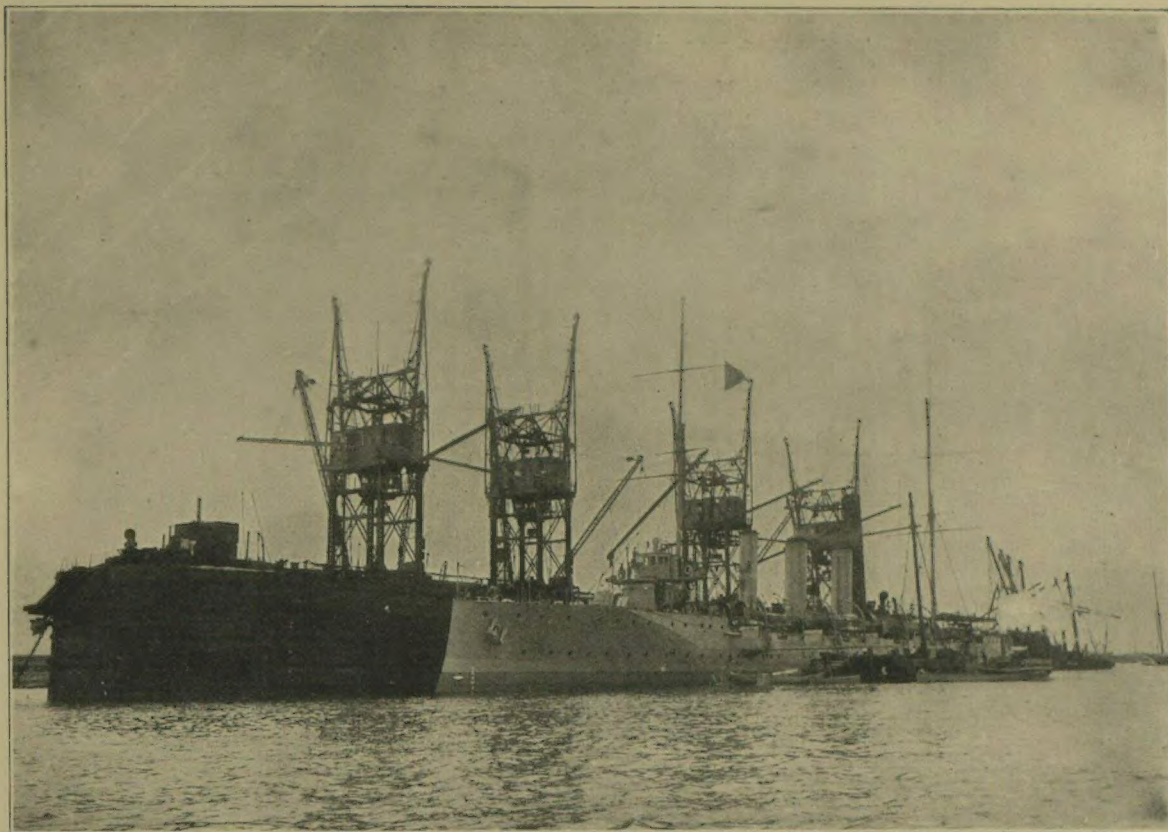


Photo. Critch.

THE NEW COALING METHODS OF PORTSMOUTH: THE FIRST VESSEL OF THE BRITISH NAVY  
COALING AT THE NEW FLOATING DEPÔT.

One of his Majesty's cruisers was the first war-ship to have her bunkers filled at Coaling Depôt No. 1, the new station at Portsmouth, a hulk with an extraordinary series of coal-hoists. At the same time as she coaled, the cruiser took in powder from lighters alongside.

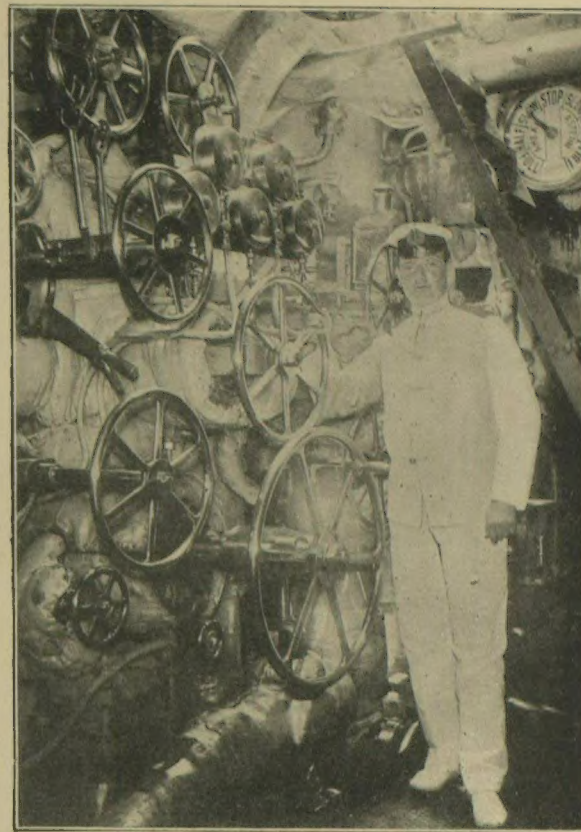


Photo. Silk; Published by Critch.

THE FIRST TURBINE IN THE NAVY: THE ENGINES  
OF H.M.S. "AMETHYST."

In a turbine engine-room the only machinery visible is the starting wheels and levers, and the appearance is very different from that of a reciprocating engine.

civilisation. He could dwell, he said, for a long time on the significance of Shakspeare for Germany; he remembered that the first and best biography of Goethe appeared in England, and he would like to mention many of the great spirits of the two nations. But it was necessary for him to be brief. He accordingly proposed with a triple "hoch" the health of the British Fleet. Admiral Wilson thereupon acknowledged the Burgomaster's good wishes, and drank to the city and citizens of Dantzig.

FRANCE AND  
MOROCCO.

The release of Bu Mzian to the French Government did little to relax the tension between France and Morocco; for although the actual prisoner was given up, the Moroccan Government addressed a long communication to M. Saint René Taillandier, asserting the Sultan's rights over Algerian subjects settled in Morocco, and declaring that Bu Mzian was handed over merely as an act of courtesy to a friendly nation. Thereupon the situation became, if anything, rather worse



THE SUPPOSED SCENE OF THE "DECAMERON" FOR SALE:  
THE VILLA PALMIERI.

It is announced that the Villa Palmieri, belonging to the Dowager Lady Crawford, is to be sold. It was Queen Victoria's residence during two of her visits to Florence. It is popularly supposed to have been the scene of Boccaccio's "Decameron."

than before, and France issued an ultimatum to Morocco demanding a suitable apology, the punishment of the Kaid who seized Bu Mzian, and an indemnity. The Sultan was given until Sept. 5 to make up his mind. Failing satisfaction, the French representative made every preparation to leave Fez. Meanwhile, the situation in Tangier became more and more unsatisfactory. The friction between the local tribes increased, and the distinguished and adventurous Raisuli seized all the caravans coming in from the mountains to the local market. He holds certain prisoners of the Anjera tribe, and fearing a rescue, he packed these off to Fez, first publicly parading them in chains in the market-place at Tangier. This action, in the opinion of the *Times* correspondent, is likely to exasperate the Anjera tribe. Refugees from the country continue to pour into Tangier, and the guard posts outside the town were reinforced. France is perfectly determined to brook no shilly-shallying on the part of Morocco in this matter. She is convinced of the justice of her demands, and on the proper concession being made will declare herself satisfied.

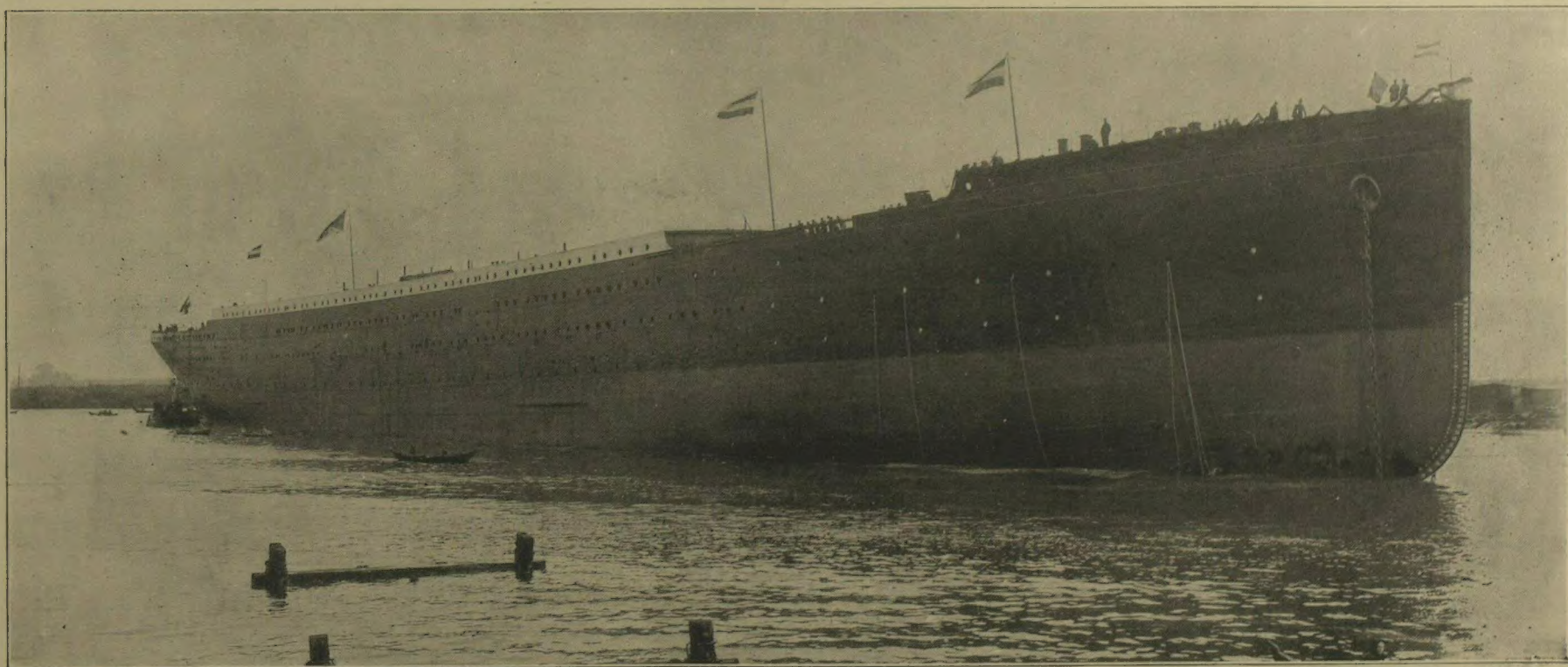


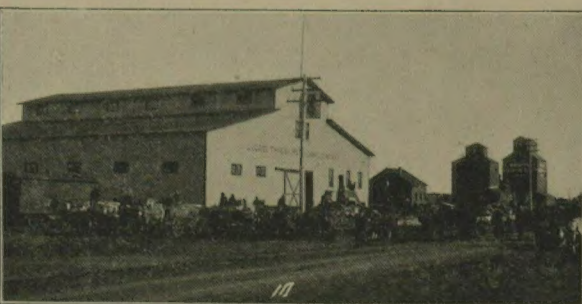
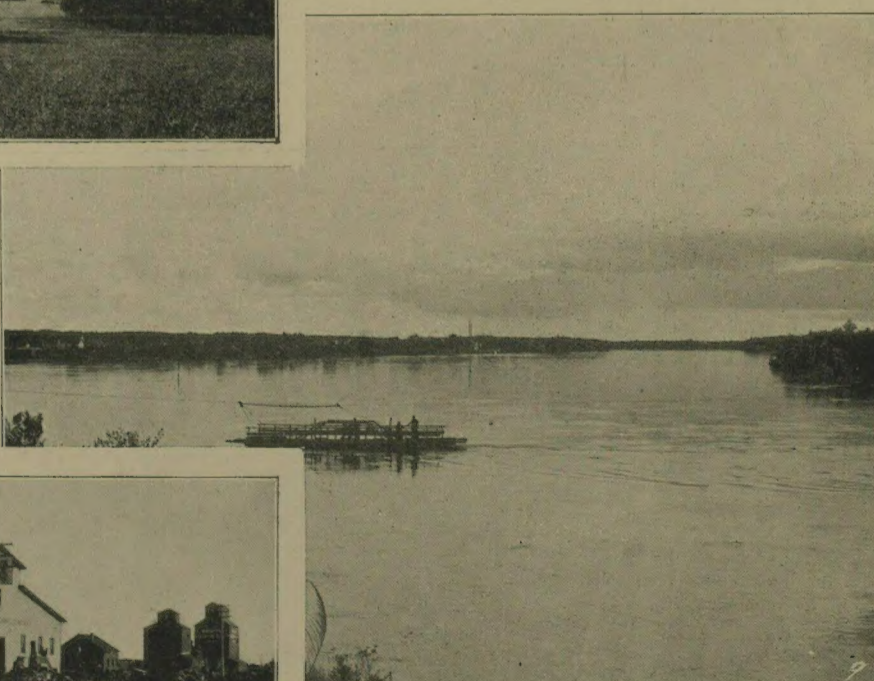
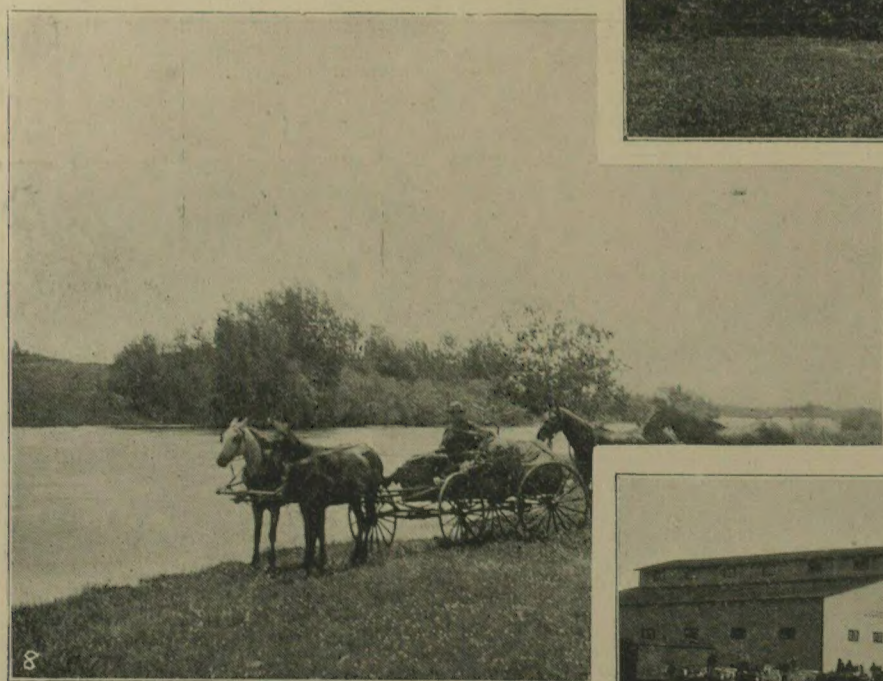
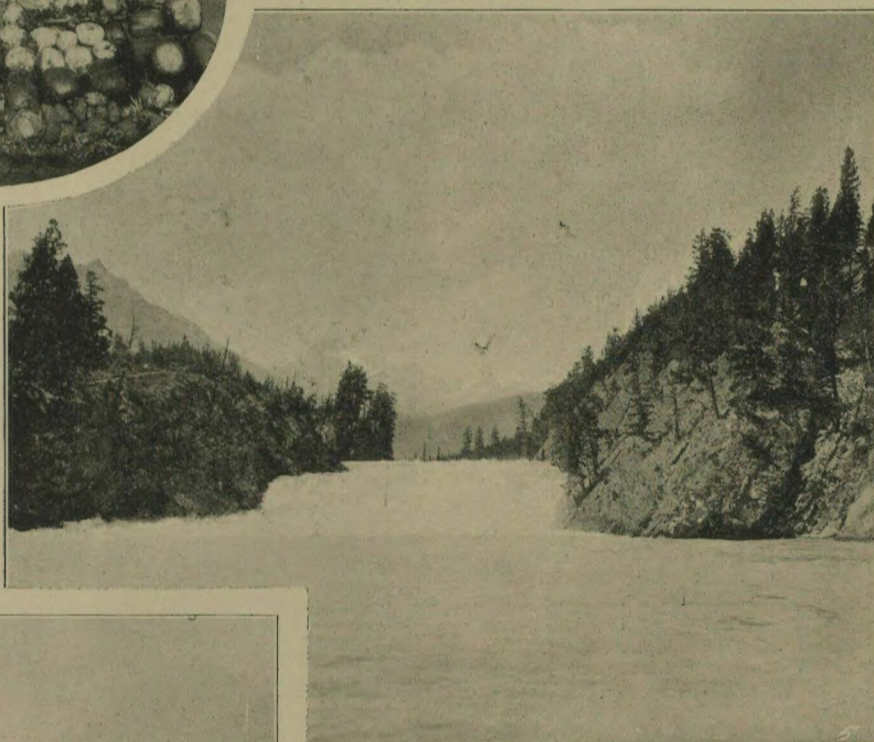
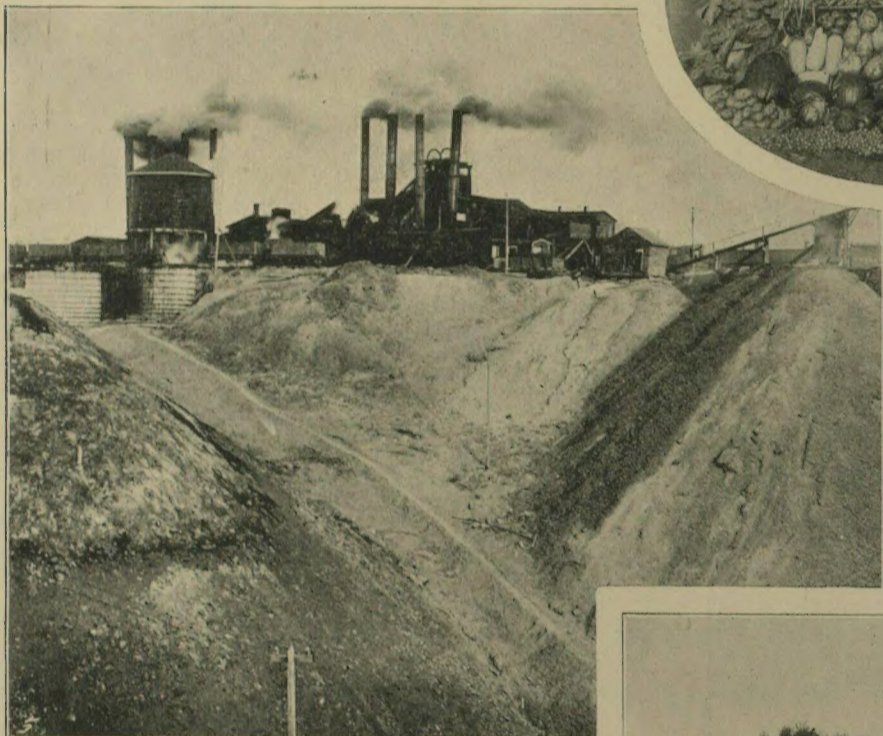
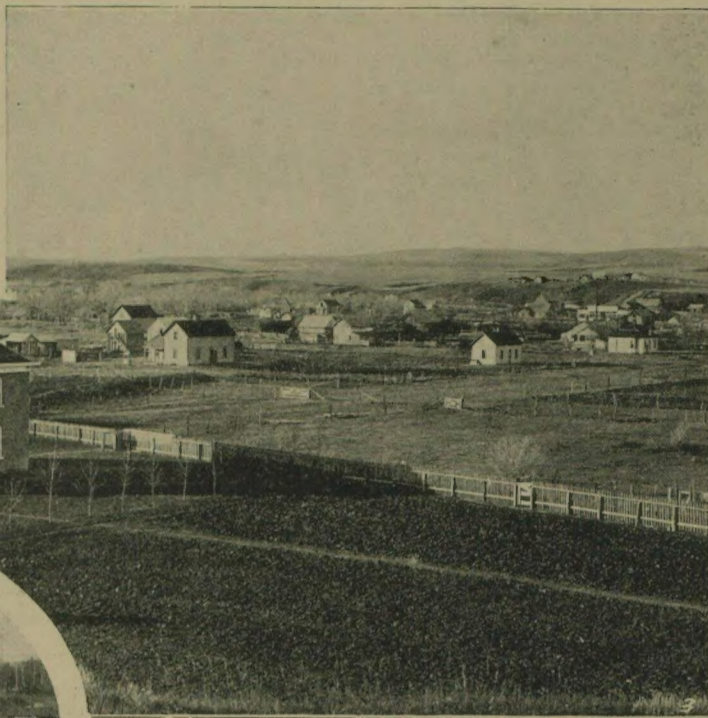
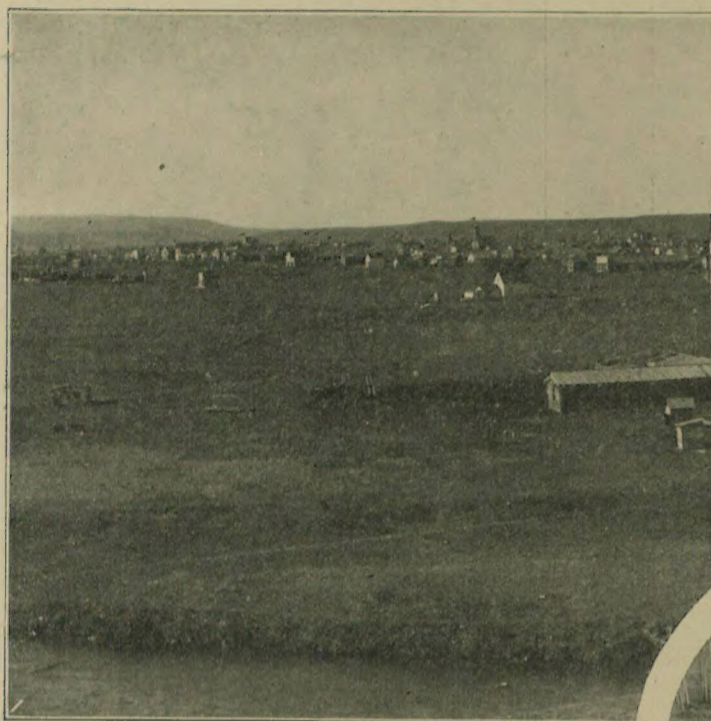
Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

THE BIGGEST PASSENGER VESSEL IN THE WORLD: THE LAUNCH OF THE "KAISERIN AUGUSTE VICTORIA" BY HER GODMOTHER, THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

On another page we illustrate the christening of the huge new Hamburg-American liner at Slettin, and give an account of her dimensions.

# OUR NEW CANADIAN PROVINCES, SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA.

NINE PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR CANADA.



1. CALGARY FROM BELOW THE RIVER.
2. THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, EDMONTON.
3. CARDSTONE, ALBERTA.
4. PRODUCTS OF THE NEW PROVINCES.

5. THE GALT COAL MINES, LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA.
6. THE BOW RIVER FALLS, BANFF, ALBERTA.
7. SASKATCHEWAN RIVER COUNTRY.
8. SASKATCHEWAN: THE CARROT RIVER.

9. NORTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER AT PRINCE ALBERT: THE FERRY.
10. IN THE WHEAT BELT: TAKING GRAIN TO THE ELEVATOR, REGINA.—[Photo. Wilson.]

Saskatchewan and Alberta, the two new North-Western Provinces of Canada, were formally inaugurated at Regina on September 5; and a congratulatory message was received from the King. The Provinces are in the centre of a great wheat belt, and the regions possess abundant natural resources. The North-West Territories have been sub-divided into two large Provinces, Saskatchewan and Alberta, each for the future having full provincial rights of self-government. Regina, a town 360 miles west of Winnipeg, becomes the capital of Saskatchewan, and Edmonton has been selected as the capital of Alberta. Edmonton is 830 miles north-west of Winnipeg by the new direct main line of the Canadian Northern Railway, which traverses the "pay streak" of the wheat lands of the North-West between Winnipeg and Edmonton, and is the great wheat railway of Canada. Regina is a town of some 8000 inhabitants, an important railway centre, and a distributing point for a large surrounding area of first-class agricultural country.



THE kitchen clock caused all the mischief. A faulty cog-wheel—a rivet worked loose—something aberrant or unsound under the white face that looked so frank and bland, and yet lied so unblushingly, upset all Madame Dupanloup's careful preparations. It seemed tragic that five francs' worth of Swiss mechanism should be powerful enough to disorganise the plans of a French household and spoil an evening's enjoyment.

At six, by the clock, Madame Dupanloup went upstairs to dress. It was her husband's birthday, and a gloomy, sunless November day. These were excellent reasons, thought Madame Dupanloup, for having bright faces, pretty clothes, and a better dinner than usual to welcome him on his return from the Museum. "Poor Polydore!" she reflected, "he will be depressed after all these hours among those stuffy mummies and dried bones that ought to have been decently buried a thousand years ago." Ugh! The thought of them gives me cold shivers on a day like this. No wonder the poor man grows a little irritable.

Gratifying odours of soup and duck followed her up the stairs from the open door of the kitchen. "Jean!" she cried as she ascended. "Jean-Baptiste!"—this a little more shrill, as no answer came for a moment.

"Yes, Mama," piped a small voice at the top of the stairs.

"It is six o'clock. Are you nearly dressed?" "Nearly, Mama." From Jean's grunts he was evidently struggling with some obstacle. "I've got my singlet in a knot."

"And Elisabeth?" "I can't unbutton my frock, Mama," whined little Elisabeth.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Madame Dupanloup, "I shall never be ready myself if I have to dress these children. The duck's not burning, is it, Annette?" The question brought a muffled negative from the kitchen.

Elisabeth's back buttons were undone in a trice, and her tight little everyday frock peeled off her, like the skin from a shrimp, to make room for the new garment reserved for high-days and holidays. A deft turn or two twisted the little girl's pigtail into shape, and adjusted the cherry-coloured ribbon. Jean-Baptiste's singlet strings were unknotted and retied. Madame Dupanloup now turned her attention to herself. A few grey hairs showed among black, a few wrinkles marked the corners of eyes and lips, but she was still a handsome woman, and meant to make the most of her charms to-night in her husband's honour. As she dressed she called in the two children for inspection. Jean looked very fresh and pleasant with his cropped hair, his white singlet, his little sailor-suit, his clean socks—but, oh dear! the bare legs would never do. He must give the knees another scrub with soap-and-water. And little Elisabeth, in white, with her golden hair and cherry ribbon and string of imitation pearls round her bare neck—Madame was about to kiss her approvingly, when she flung up her hands at the watermark, which must be instantly rubbed off with the damp corner of a towel.

At that very moment the street door opened, and Professor Polydore Dupanloup came in.

Surely the kitchen clock had not so far forgotten itself as to tell lies? She flung on her things, and ran downstairs, Jean-Baptiste and Elisabeth clattering after her.

"Why, Polydore," she said, running to greet him with an agitated smile, "you are early, aren't you? The kitchen clock—"

He yielded himself passively to her embrace, then turned his back, and shut the window opening on to their little garden viciously. "Do try and be a little less demonstrative in your caresses, Henriette," he grumbled. "No, I am not early. Neither, I notice, is the dinner.

Please do not explain. I begin to realise that punctuality is impossible in this household."

"I'm very sorry, dear. The kitchen clock—" "Pardon me if I take no interest in the kitchen clock. Dinner is again seven minutes late. My work—"

"Annette, the soup! the soup!" interrupted Madame Dupanloup, almost crying, as she ran out of the room into the kitchen. Her husband took up a journal. "Jean and Elisabeth," he said severely, as the tureen was marshalled in, "take your places at the table at once. Why have you your best clothes on?"

"Surely," said Madame Dupanloup, with a renewed attempt at cheerfulness, "because it is Papa's birthday. Why else? And we have prepared a special little dinner—eh, Elisabeth?"

The Professor gave a grunt which might have represented anything lying between the two poles of disgust and delight, and, tucking in his napkin, took a first spoonful of soup. As the second was half-way to his lips, he caught his wife's eyes on him, waiting for some expression of approval.

"Don't stare at me as if I were a hyæna, my dear Henriette," he exclaimed irritably. She turned in disappointment to her own soup. Her agitated fingers caused the spoon to rap the side of the plate noisily.

"Brachial plexus!" muttered Dupanloup, with his mouth full.

"What do you say, dear?"

"Brachial plexus! You should really consult Dr. Marnot about these convulsive movements, Henriette."

Madame Dupanloup looked mystified, as her husband intended; and just a trifle alarmed. He gave a short, barking laugh.

"Or else," he went on, "make some effort to cultivate repose of manner."

Matters did not look very promising for a suggestion which Madame Dupanloup was longing to make. Before her husband's return she had thought so long over her little plan that imagination had painted its details in bright colours. It was so long since they had had a pleasant evening *en famille*. Surely, on this birthday, it might be managed; the excellent little dinner first; an extension of staying-up hours for Jean-Baptiste and Elisabeth; a little music; the recitation Elisabeth had just learned at school prettily lisped out; a round game or two; half an hour with the microscope which her husband had been fond of showing them when the children were much younger. If only the clock had not upset her plans! But she made an opening move in the game she had arranged.

"Don't you think Jean looks very smart to-night, Papa?" she asked cheerfully.

"I think Jean would look much smarter if he sat up and kept his elbow off the table."

She made another attempt, unwisely.

"How do you like Elisabeth's new frock, Papa?"

"I hope it won't make her vain to have it discussed, Henriette. It always seems to me a mistake to talk about the children's appearance when they are present. And she will certainly spoil it if she does not tuck her napkin in properly. It is the second time to-day, I have had to tell her of that."

Madame Dupanloup sighed. The meal went on for a minute or two in silence. The children were too much in awe of their father to chatter. But when Annette brought in the duck, something in its appearance appealed to Jean-Baptiste's sense of humour, and he whispered to his sister. She giggled. Made bold by this success, the little boy ventured on some other witticism aloud. Elisabeth chimed in shrilly. "Get on with your dinners and don't talk, children," said the Professor, rapping on the table with his knife.

"Father's tired with his work, dears," whispered Madame Dupanloup. "You must not worry him."

"There is no need to explain, Henriette, or to discuss me," snapped her husband. "It is sufficient for them to learn to obey without reasons or apologies."

Having neither the patience of Job nor Griselda, Madame Dupanloup was about to retort sharply; but she checked herself with a great effort. Recrimination would take away the last chance of their merry evening. She even checked an almost involuntary sigh. After another pause, she ventured to ask her husband about his day's work.

"Neolithic remains, if you're really anxious to know. And I hope you're wiser for knowing."

"Neo-neo—oh, I know. Those Egyptian inscriptions you were telling me—"

"No. Nothing to do with Egyptians. Nothing at all. Neolithic, I said. Not paleographic. Not—"

Madame Dupanloup looked blank. "I understand," she said dubiously. "Those—"

"No. You don't understand," said her husband shortly, pushing back his plate. He looked at his watch, and lit the after-dinner cigar which he was in the habit of smoking. "Send the coffee up to my study, please."

His wife made a last desperate effort. "Polydore," she began, putting her hand affectionately on his arm.

"What is it now?" he asked testily, and brushed his sleeve with an impatient hand. "I do wish, my dear, you would not wipe your fingers on my coat. It's an unpleasant habit. Use your table-napkin. Well, what is it?"

"Polydore," said Madame Dupanloup, stammering, "I—I—we thought, as it was your birthday, you might spare time this evening to have a little music, and listen to Babet's recitation; and, perhaps, to show the children the microscope—"

"Whatever next?" asked Dupanloup indignantly. "Surely you know how busy I am! I told you this morning I had that inscription from Arles to report upon. It's most important—most important. I shall be able to prove that Drumont and Ponthilliers are both entirely wrong. Drumont thinks it's about an escaped slave! Ponthilliers is convinced that it's a centurion's expression of gratitude to the gods for favours received! I've been asked to decide between them. They're *both* wrong. Both absolutely and entirely wrong. It's a letter from a woman, abusing her husband for his brutality. No doubt about it whatever. Good-night, Jean; good-night, Elisabeth." He kissed them absently and rushed away.

While Dupanloup was writing his report, with the bronze strip before him on which Madame Dupanloup—and most people of ordinary attainments—could see only the faintest scratches when it was held slantingly against the light, the children turned their attention to play for the half-hour that still lay between them and bedtime. By-and-by a loud rapping was heard on the floor above. "Less noise, less noise," shouted Dupanloup. "How can I work in this racket? You had better send them off to bed at once, Henriette."

"Why, Polydore, it's only half-past seven—"

"I simply cannot work in all this noise," said the Professor, coming to the head of the stairs. "It is most important that my report should catch the post. Now, who's that? I wish you could induce the tradespeople to come earlier in the—"

But Madame Dupanloup had already opened the door in answer to the ring. "Giraud wants to see you, Polydore," she cried up the stairs.

Her husband came flying down. A blue-bloused workman stood at the entrance, cap in hand. He handed the Professor a letter, which was eagerly torn open.

"My boots, my boots!" cried Dupanloup excitedly. "Henriette, Annette, where are my boots? I must go to the Museum at once. Chateau has made some most interesting discoveries. The pile-dwelling he has just

excavated—seven stories down—chariot-hub—bronze implements—most important—” He jerked out this and much else through lips closed over the cigar, as he tugged at his boots and fastened up the laces. “I must go at once to the Museum and see what he has found. Don’t stay up.”

“But the report, Polydore. How about your report?” “Confound the report! That must wait.” The door slammed behind him, and he hurried through the main street of Bourg-Larue to the Museum, jerking out questions to the workman.

Chateau, Dupanloup’s assistant, had been engaged in directing some excavations at a recently discovered lake-village in the marshes near the little provincial town. One or two of the prehistoric dwellings had been opened without much result; but they had dug deep with this. The hearthstones of seven dwellings, one below the other, had been found: as one walled, pile-built dwelling had sunk into the mud, another had been built upon its site, and many relics of the ancient peoples had come to light after long centuries. Chateau proposed to continue work for an hour or two by moonlight; but he had sent the first-fruits of his labours for his chief’s inspection.

Outside the Museum stood a rough country-cart with a huge crate holding the treasures; another blue-bloused workman was in charge of it. Dupanloup unlocked the door of the Museum. “Bring the crate in here,” he said, and gave a hand himself. They set it down in the passage, close to the inner door of the Museum; it was too large to go through the doorway. The planks that formed the lid were wrenched off. Dupanloup dragged out handfuls of straw and set some of the trophies carefully on the floor. His cigar had gone out; he struck a sulphur match and lit the stump. “That will do,” he said. “What are you waiting for? Go back and help M. Chateau to finish.”

“He says he will come to the Museum later on, Monsieur.”

“Very well.”

When the men had gone, Dupanloup stood straddle-legged, with the stump of his cigar between his teeth, gloating over his treasures. He carried those he had already taken out to a table at the far end of the Museum. To enter it, he had to squeeze between the crate and the wall. There were some flat stones crusted with the ashes of old fires, a few ancient pots, the hub of a chariot-wheel which the forgotten workman had evidently left unfinished. Dupanloup dipped into the crate among the straw as into a great lucky-bag. He picked out a fragment of a coracle used once on the great lake which was now but a brook and a few acres of marshy ground; a bronze mirror; a small, blackened bowl on which Chateau’s nail had scratched a tiny, bright line—this might or might not be gold. The next venture his hand made brought out a skull. A splinter of petrified wood was fixed into it from below; this and a jagged gap in the bone told of some old tragedy. No doubt, the man had been slain in battle; his head had once been fixed before the hut of his slayer, and jeered at by the savage tribe. Very interesting. He carried all to the table in the Museum.

It was a large hall, over-filled; Dupanloup had often grumbled about lack of space. He hoped sincerely that the discovery of the lake village would call attention to Bourg-Larue, and result in the building of better premises. The Museum certainly deserved better accommodation. They had a finer collection of celts than any other small provincial town in France. A former Governor of French New Guinea, a native of Bourg-Larue, had left them his unique collection of ethnological exhibits. Their solitary mummy, a Pharaoh of an early dynasty, was mentioned in every standard work on ancient Egypt.

Professor Dupanloup, with all the new discoveries set round him, opened a drawer in his desk, and took out polishing implements, testing acids, cloths, and a powerful glass. He turned his attention first to the metal bowl. A few minutes’ hard work convinced him that it was gold. He rubbed and polished vigorously. His cigar was finished now; he whistled, a dismal tune, but from a glad heart, as he worked. Yes, there was an inscription! Impossible to see yet what, or in what characters. Perhaps it was only a crude attempt at decoration. No. Those dints and scratches meant more than that. They were letters, runes, of some kind. Possibly it had been left by a later race than the lake-dwellers. He rubbed at the bowl until he was hot and almost breathless. Taking up his glass, he peered again at the characters. What was the matter? Surely his sight was not going? A mist, a film of smoke, seemed to interrupt clear vision. He breathed on his glass and polished it with his handkerchief. He rubbed his eyes. There certainly seemed a haze.

As he looked round, his heart gave a jump; his lips sucked back his breath in an involuntary but noiseless gasp. Why, the Museum was filling with blue smoke! Absorbed in his work, he had not noticed the thickening of the air. What was the matter? Oh, what folly—what criminal folly! One glance at the flaming wood, the blazing straw, in the doorway, and the Professor was rushing towards it, yelling “Fire! Fire!” as he ran. No need to ask the cause. He realised instantly, in a sudden shock of memory. His cigar—the match that relit it as he stooped over the crate—it must have smouldered, and at last ignited the bonfire which had been prepared so carefully at the door of the Museum. Wood and straw! “What folly! What folly!” his mind cried reproachfully, while his lips shouted the warning—“Fire! Fire!”

His only thought was for his treasures. He must drag aside, tear down, stamp out, as much of the furnace as threatened the building at the moment; then rush through into the open air, across the little grass-plot that separated the Museum from the quiet street, and summon helpers. But as he sprang at the blaze, kicking at it in a mad effort to stamp it out, the fire leapt out at him with redoubled force. A great ball of straw that had been glowing burst suddenly into flame. It was beyond his control absolutely. His only chance for the Museum, the precious spoils of the past

to which all his life and all his thoughts had been given, was to rush out and find help. But already the flames lapped the passage-wall; he braced his courage to rush past; made a little run—was repulsed by the leaping flames—and already that moment’s hesitation had robbed him of his only chance.

At first he scarcely realised his position. It had not dawned upon him that he was himself in any danger. His one thought was to save the Museum and its treasures. Behind him was the spacious hall, growing thicker with smoke every moment. He ran back. He must find some other way out to warn his neighbours. The windows!

He remembered suddenly that there were only skylights in the high roof; there was no other door. Surely there was some way of getting to the roof? None. Freedom, the open air, the blue, wide, starry night looked in at him through the mounting smoke. He looked at the steep walls, at the cords which opened and shut the skylights; no way out presented itself. He was shut in—trapped. Not his treasures only—his very life was now threatened.

The flames had already lapped at and caught some flimsy exhibits on the wall near the door; fibre-work native garments, shields, wooden boat-paddles and weapons. He ran back to tear them down, but the fire was spreading with such alarming rapidity, the heat was so fierce, the smoke so dense, that he was kept at bay. He screamed for help, but the smoke almost choked him, and his voice could never carry through the passage, through the solid door, across the little garden, into the quiet street. Of course, the fire advanced towards the fuel awaiting it. The stone-flagged passage prevented it from spreading towards the outer door; the contents of the Museum—he himself might be one mass of charred ruin and smouldering ash before any chance passer noticed that anything was wrong.

He himself! He could almost hear the grim and horrible laughter of some Fate high above that patch of starred night sky; that he, a man with titles to his name and the red ribbon of the Legion; a man who voted, who wrote articles for the reviews, who ate dinner with table-napkins, and silver, and all the accessories of twentieth-century civilisation, was no more to this awful element than a bundle of old straw, the planks of a packing-case, a dusty canoe-paddle, the fibre loin-covering of some cannibal. Like them—like a rag, like a candle, like a match, like the cigar he had smoked—he could be burned up, was to be burned up, very shortly, unless help came. Yet from these things which the fire was already devouring he differed in this respect: he, he alone in this great room, had the capacity of knowing, of foreseeing, of suffering. Terrible—and yet how ludicrous, to that awful Onlooker juggling with the fates of men! What fearful irony! He was to suffer, suffer horribly; he who had chidden his children for laughing and disturbing him; he who had rebuffed his wife for laying her kind hand gently on his sleeve. And there was no help. No help from anything around him. No human sympathy. Even these curiosities which were to share the same fate were alien to him; they could not know or suffer.

And yet, as he looked round in terror, through the ever-thickening smoke—there was something fearfully significant, something even of dread eloquence, in the appearance of these partners in his fate. Each had its own pitiful history, each its individuality; dumb and inanimate, they had yet played their parts in this great, coloured, mournful pageant which is the history of the world. Relics of scattered races, of severed ages, they had been brought together in this room to share and to watch his fate. A wooden god of some native tribe was near him, hideously perpetuating old night-terrors of the unknown craftsman; a little paint-daubed, laughing god, whose glass-set eyes, in which the smoke and fire were mirrored, seemed bent upon him in sinister and cruel enjoyment. For generations, in its grove in the dark African forest, it had seen the leaping flames of the sacrificial fires, its uncouth ears had seemed pricked to listen while the screams of the victims rang out; their dying eyes had seen its cruel face set in ironic laughter.

Dupanloup had pointed once to this god sarcastically when some priests had just quitted the Museum. “You see, Chateau,” he had remarked, “our visitors are not singular in fashioning for themselves a God. They make them also in Africa, those naked savages.” He was scornful, yet a little mystified, at that clinging to superstitions which science had surely long since explained away. Now he understood. He had been busy gumming his labels, prying through his lenses, classifying, arranging; he had been occupied in caring for his little comforts, safeguarding his health; and all life had moved on smooth wheels. But now, suddenly he was face to face with the raw terror that lurked behind even the placid life of the provincial town where he had lived—even there—to spring out unexpectedly, when he was least prepared. He knew now why men worshipped, why they feared, why they believed. He knew now the reason for all the creeds of all the races of mankind.

Dupanloup remembered a day long, long back in this same village when he, with his white tie and scarf, and the little girl who was one day to be his wife, in her white frock and veil—very sweet and clean and innocent—were marshalled into the great cathedral behind the pink-stockinged *Suisse* for their first Communion. He had long discarded the creed which his wife still retained. He had taunted her sometimes, even, for her fear and love of God. Fear? He feared now—something—not pain only, not death merely—something great, terrible, mysterious that had caught him at last in the machinery of its relentless laws. But love? Through the drifting smoke he caught, looking upward, the glimpse of that silent, starred fragment of a universe, cold, un pitying, uncaring.

All these thoughts passed through his brain in pictures rather than in words. They came and went in flashes, far more quickly than his lips could have framed or held them. He stumbled farther into the

hall, driven by the smoke and increasing heat. Swaying, he clutched at the mummy-case of the Pharaoh. Here, in blurred colouring, were painted the signs of the ancient gods; the testing of souls in the great Day after death. He had known, yet never realised, that this man had once lived, as he still lived; had loved, and suffered, and wearied, and taken his share of the joy and sorrow of this old world’s life. Where was he? Soon he too—he, Dupanloup of twentieth-century France—would know “the mystery hid under Egypt’s pyramid”; he, too, would learn what Pharaoh had learned long since. A few minutes now—a few minutes only. Did that man whose skull had been found buried beneath the peat of the ancient lake—the skull, with the stake still in its socket, which leered at him from his desk through the smoke—did he suffer like this, see all this, when the axe was lifted against his life, and hope was dead? Had he some gods to call upon for help?

Dupanloup thought suddenly of his wife and children. Never more would he see the door open in their little sitting-room on the garden bright with lilac and laburnum in spring, in summer on clustering roses and the swaying branches heavy with leaves. Never more would the blinds be drawn in the evening, and fire, now an enemy so fierce, be a chained servant to their comfort. And what a last memory he had left them! His sarcasms to his wife, his contempt of her efforts to be interested in his work, his refusal to stay on this one night to listen to her playing, to hear the child’s recitation.

Oh, what a fool he had been! what a pitiful fool! He saw now, as if the spreading fire itself had lit up all the incidents of his past life—all the days and months and years—how self-centred he had been, how miserably, contemptibly bound up in things that mattered little, how neglectful of the great gifts that mattered so very much. He was to die, who had not yet begun to live. Even these rough utensils, these chipped and battered pots and pans, these rude carvings, told him of happy homes long broken up; of homes where men and women, in their distant day under the sun, had snatched happiness before it fled. In their rude lake hovels, they, poor, untutored, had perhaps known more than he with all his honours.

Dupanloup was choking, gasping now; his brain was clouding; the smoke was mastering him. Was his brain bursting under the oppression of the smoke? He heard dull blows, hammering, knocking. In his brain only? Or was it near the door? He turned back again, and stumbled towards it. “Help! Help!” he tried to scream. He staggered on for a yard or two; fiery eyes glared at him, grimly humorous; Dupanloup fell prostrate at the feet of the little laughing god. . . .

“Better? Coming round? Yes, you’re saved—only just in time. Don’t move yet. He’ll be himself again in a minute.”

It was Chateau’s voice. Dupanloup opened his eyes and glanced round. Sympathetic faces looked down on him. He was lying on the grass in front of the Museum.

Someone came flying through the crowd; a woman, bonnetless, in shoes, without cloak or shawl.

“Polydore! Polydore!”

“Henriette!”

He stretched out his arms feebly. “Take me home,” he said. “Let us go home, my dear.”

They left him there, revived by water and brandy and the pure air. Husband and wife were alone at last in their little room.

He rose suddenly from the couch, and staggered towards the door. “I must see the children again, my dear. I am quite recovered. The walk home revived me.”

“Don’t you think you had better rest a little, dear?” asked his wife anxiously. “And then—”

“My dear Henriette, I wish you would endeavour—there, there. I’m a little hasty. You must make allowances. I have made a resolution. In future, Henriette, I propose to check my natural tendency to sarcasm and—er—abruptness, by an excellent expedient I remember reading of some time back. I will count ten before I speak. But I intend to see the children immediately.”

They went upstairs together. Jean-Baptiste lay in one little bed, and the parents bent over him. Dupanloup passed his hand, still trembling, over the boy’s cropped hair, and then caught him up suddenly, and pressed him to his breast.

“Mind you don’t frighten him, dear,” said Madame Dupanloup gently. “He—”

“Frighten him? Is the boy such a—one, two, three, four, five—there, there. It’s all right, Jean. I shouldn’t have wakened you so suddenly. Let him have on his warm dressing-gown, Mama, and come down to the fireside. And I’ll bring little Babet.”

The two children were brought down, their eyes still sleepy, their cheeks still flushed from contact with the pillows, their dimpled feet bare and rosy. Dupanloup kissed them and pressed them to him again and again. They were a little dubious whether to be cross or astounded. “Papa’s just had a—there, there; you shall hear about it to-morrow. We’ll have a great day to-morrow, eh, Mama? We’ll have a picnic in the morning, and buy pounds and pounds of sweets, and go to the theatre—”

“My dear, my dear!” protested Madame Dupanloup, smiling, “be careful what you’re promising. Sweets, and the theatre, and a picnic in November—”

“I suppose, my dear Henriette,” began Dupanloup testily, “one, two, three—there, there. Come, Henriette!” He opened his arms.

The cropped grey head, the dark head just splashed with grey, were close together. The two children, ensconced in a great chair before the fire, looked on in wonder, with flushed faces and sleepy eyes—a pretty picture.

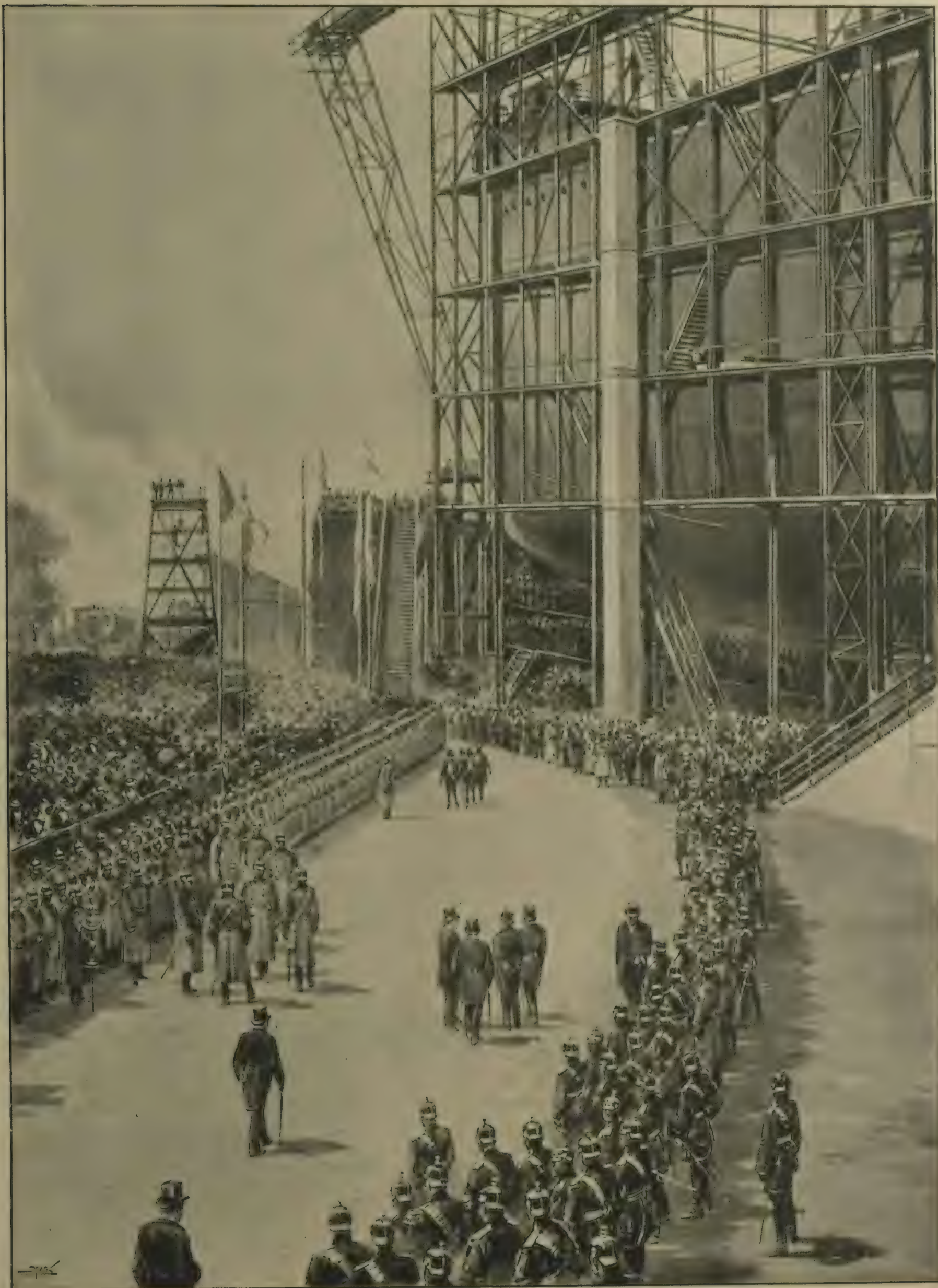
“Thank God you are safe, dear!” said Madame Dupanloup softly, stretching out an arm to encircle Jean-Baptiste and Babet.

Dupanloup gulped and swallowed. “Thank God,” he said dubiously. Then, quite firmly, “Yes, thank God.”

THE END.

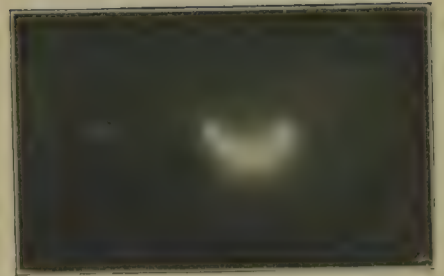
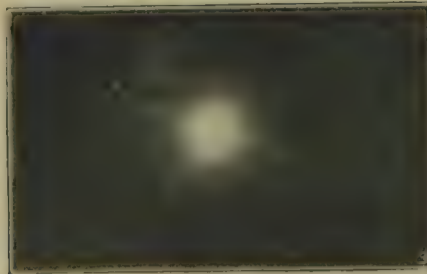
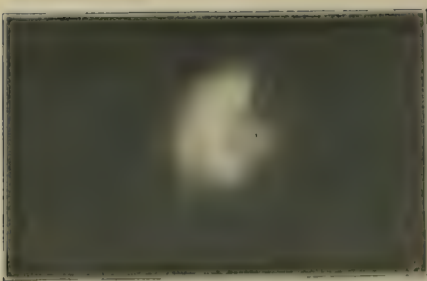
# THE LAUNCH OF THE BIGGEST STEAMER IN THE WORLD BY THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNENBERG.



THE LAUNCH OF THE "KAISERIN AUGUSTE VICTORIA" AT STETTIN, BEFORE THE KAISER, THE KAISERIN, AND THE ENGLISH ADMIRAL.

The "Auguste Victoria" was launched at Stettin on August 29, and the occasion was the only approach to a meeting between the Kaiser and the British Fleet, as Admiral Wilson came from Swinemünde to be present at the ceremony. The new steamer is 700 feet long, of 77 feet beam, and 54 feet deep. Her gross tonnage is 25,000, her displacement 42,500. Her engines are of 17,200-h.p., and her speed 18 miles an hour. She can accommodate 4000 persons.



1. THE ECLIPSE AT PARIS: THE APPEARANCE AT 1.9 P.M. (CLOUDY).
2. THE ECLIPSE AT PARIS: THE APPEARANCE AT 1.15 (CLEAR SKY.)
3. THE ECLIPSE AT BELFAST, 12.45 P.M.

4. THE ECLIPSE AT FALMOUTH, 1 P.M.
5. THE ECLIPSE AT BURGOS: THE TOTAL PHASE, SHOWING THE CORONA.

6. PHOTOGRAPHING THE ECLIPSE AT THE GERSCHEL STUDIO, PARIS.
7. THE ECLIPSE AT BURGOS: THE LAST MOMENT OF TOTALITY.
8. WAITING FOR TOTALITY AT BURGOS.

#### OBSERVING THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, AUGUST 30: PHOTOGRAPHS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERSCHEL, PARIS, BY Figg, BY CLEAVES, AND BY KENNEDY.

*London was disappointed with the Eclipse, the sky remaining thickly overcast until the very last moment. Other parts of the country were more favoured, and some of the photographs obtained are here reproduced. Abroad the results were of varying quality. At Burgos the Eclipse Expedition made fairly successful observations in spite of the clouds, but at Palma Sir Norman Lockyer was disappointed. Paris was wonderfully fortunate.*



#### A RAILWAY UNDER THE SEINE: THE CAISSON FOR THE FIRST SECTION OF THE PARIS METROPOLITAN TUNNEL UNDER THE RIVER.

*On September 1 the first caisson for the tunnel under the Seine was got into position between the Pont au Change and the Pont de Solferino. It is about 208 feet long, 27 feet in diameter, and weighs 280 tons. It is one of five cylinders, which, after being made water-tight, will be sunk into the bed of the river by compressed air. The lining and protection will be of steel and concrete.*

## THE DISASTER TO THE CROMER EXPRESS: THE WRECKAGE AT WITHAM.

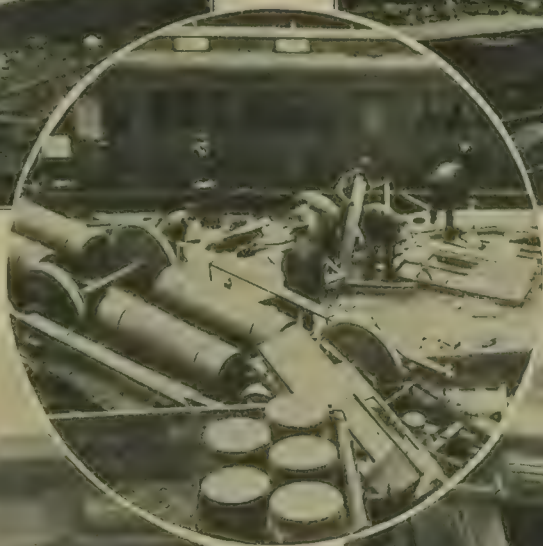
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, BY SPALDING, BY LANKESTER, AND BY PARK.



REMAINS OF THE COACHES THAT MOUNTED THE PLATFORM.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE.



REMAINS OF THE CARRIAGE THAT JUMPED THE PLATFORM.



COACHES THAT PARTIALLY ESCAPED.



THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE: SHATTERED CARRIAGE WINDOWS.



THE OVERTURNED CARRIAGE, IN WHICH NINE PASSENGERS WERE KILLED.



DÉBRIS ON THE PLATFORM.



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PORTERS' ROOM.

*The 9.27 a.m. train from Liverpool Street to Cromer was wrecked at Witham on September 1. Part of the train left the rails as it was passing through the station, and two of the carriages mounted the platform, demolishing the porters' and guards' rooms, and becoming jammed under a foot-bridge. One of the coaches turned upside down, killing nine of the passengers.*

THE 'LIGHTER SIDE OF MILITARY MANŒUVRES: ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA.



A PEACEFUL INVASION: A MILITARY INTERRUPTION OF WASHING DAY.

*The artist no doubt found the material for this picture in his own experience, for he served the full term required by the Italian Government in a Bersaglieri regiment. It will be remembered that we recently reproduced the fine series of cartoons illustrating the Duel throughout the ages, with which he decorated the walls of his barracks at Naples during the last year he spent with his regiment. Part of the present month is generally devoted to manœuvres in all the great European armies.*

## THE GLUT OF FRUIT IN THE LONDON MARKET: NEW METHODS OF FRUIT-GROWING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. S. CAMPBELL.



1. THE OLD AND NEW METHODS OF PACKING—BASKETS SUPERSEDED BY BOXES: A FRUIT-CONVOY STARTING FOR COVENT GARDEN.  
2. THE NEW METHOD OF PACKING: MAKING THE NON-RETURNABLE BOXES.

3. FRUIT-TREES IN POTS: A NEW METHOD OF FORCING AND PROTECTION.  
4. RIPENING THREE TONS OF GRAPES IN A VINERY 600 FEET LONG.

5. PICKING APPLES.  
6. PACKING PEACHES.  
7. BRINGING FRUIT FROM THE FIELDS TO THE PACKING-SHEDS.

British fruit-growers are meeting foreign competition by new methods. It has been discovered that the yield of small trees can be greatly increased by growing them in pots under glass. After bearing, the plant is put into the ground until the following season. Irrigation on a large scale by means of wells, gas-driven pumps, and an extensive distribution of hose-piping is also being employed with effect. In packing a great economy is attained in space and expense by substituting strong light boxes (non-returnable) for the old round baskets, which had to be returned. The method of packing peaches is rather elaborate. The bloom is rubbed off with a stiff brush, and the peaches are then wrapped in thin paper and protected on the outside by a layer of cotton-wool.

# IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF LITTLE NELL: SCENERY IN THE BLACK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. S. SARGISSON, BORDER DESIGN BY



1. A TYPICAL PIECE OF THE BLACK COUNTRY, THROUGH WHICH LITTLE NELL PASSED.
2. THE CANAL AT WOLVERHAMPTON.
3. CANAL-BOATS AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

4. THE OLD HILL, TATTON HALL, "TETLEIGH OF DOUBLE THREAD," PASSED BY NELL ON LEAVING WOLVERHAMPTON. (THE HERO'S HOUSE IS ON THE LEFT IN THE DISTANCE.)
5. TATTON HALL, DICKENS'S "TETLEIGH OF DOUBLE THREAD," THE OLD VILLAGE WHICH NELL PASSED THROUGH.

6. ANOTHER VIEW IN TATTON.
7. ON THE ROAD TO LITTLE NELL'S VILLAGE.
8. AT ALBRIGHTON.
9. BETWEEN ALBRIGHTON AND TONG.
10. ENTRANCE TO TONG CASTLE.

*These photographs constitute, as far as we are aware, the first attempt to identify pictorially the scenery of Little Nell's pilgrimage in "The Old Curiosity Shop." The village grandfather travelled is manifestly Wolverhampton, and the church of Tong, with its monuments, agrees quite plausibly*

THE FIRST OF THE "RUSSIANS": THE SCANDINAVIAN HERO, RURIK.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



RURIK THE RODSEN, OR OARSMAN.

*Rurik, a daring sea-rover, landed in 862 on the Russian shore of the Baltic, with his brothers Sineus and Truvor. He subjugated the country from Novgorod to the Volga, and his followers were called Rodsen, or Russians, Rodsen, in the Scandinavian tongue of the period, meaning oarsmen. Rurik died in 879. The Russian war-ship "Rurik," it will be remembered, went down off Saghalien last summer.*



AFTER QUEBEC: SEPTEMBER 13, 1759.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

*After the fight on the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe died in the moment of victory and Montcalm glorified defeat by his death, the French colonial town resigned itself with what grace it could into the hands of the English. In the streets, which reflected at some little interval the fashion of Paris, such scenes as those here depicted became everyday occurrences, as military and political prisoners, among whom were trappers and half-breeds, were brought in under British escort.*

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

Recently I have met with two annotations, which, dealing with two common troubles, may prove practically interesting to my readers. The first of the notes had reference to the value of sea-water in the cure of corns and warts. Both are common troubles enough, and both are often highly difficult of cure. One experience detailed is that if the affected feet be immersed in sea-water twice or thrice daily for, say, ten minutes at a time, the cure of corns may often be effected. In cases where sea-water cannot be obtained, it is added that a solution of ordinary salt-and-water may prove equally beneficial. There is no mystery about the composition of sea-water, and a very close imitation of it can be artificially compounded by any chemist. The cure has at least the merit of simplicity, and may well, on that account alone, merit a trial.

Sea-water is said to be also a remedy for warts, but the second annotation deals with lime-water as a cure for these troublesome growths. In the latter case, the lime-water is taken internally, the dose recommended being an ordinary wine-glassful, with a little added milk, taken after the midday meal. This is, no doubt, a purely empirical remedy, but many a valuable cure is still capable of discovery as the result of experience. The lime-water cure, we are told, was the result of accident, the physician who had been taking a little, daily, noticing that in about ten days an obstinate wart had disappeared. Subsequent experiments on other people appear to confirm his views. From four days to six weeks represents the period of cure. It would be interesting to try the effect of lime-water applied directly to warts in place of being taken internally. Some of my afflicted readers may possibly be inclined to experiment in this direction.

I do not suppose there is any trifling disorder which figures so largely in the folk-lore of medicine as does the wart. Every old woman has her "wart-cure," and this ranges from an incantation to rubbing the wart with a gold ring. One old lady practitioner assured me that her never-failing remedy was to daub the wart with castor-oil. Fresh onion-juice (a capital soother for bee and wasp stings) is also a favourite remedy in some country districts. As for the "charming" of warts, I have been told dozens of times that the old woman's incantation or the rubbing with the ring has proved successful. That may be, but if this hocus-pocus has any real value at all as a wart-cure, we may attribute the result to the influence of mind on body. I can perfectly understand that as the body is affected by the mind in many other directions, so it may be affected if the faith of the patient in the incantation is sufficiently strong.

Touching on health matters, I am glad to see that two subjects have been prominently ventilated of late days in the Press, because both are intimately connected with that all-important matter, the prevention of disease. Of these topics, the first deals with the fact that a great number of cases of typhoid fever (we are close upon the season, by the way) are due to people eating cockles and mussels directly from the sea-beach at holiday-resorts. Contamination by sewage is, of course common, and the molluscs thus polluted convey the ailment to those who consume them. One might, therefore, very aptly welcome the proposal made by more than one health officer that local authorities should place legible placards near to the beach in seaside-resorts warning visitors against the danger of picking up the unconsidered trifles of the beach—which, by the way, are left severely alone by the natives.

The second topic deals with the dangers to health represented by flies. That such dangers are of a very real character has been proved by experiments. These last consisted in allowing flies to come in contact with disease-material, and of then causing them to walk across special media adapted for the growth and cultivation of microbes. The flies infected the media, thus showing that they undoubtedly can carry the germs of disease from place to place, or from body to body. Wherever there are collections of flies, one may very reasonably suspect the presence of "dirt." It is the same with rats. "The rat," said an authority on one occasion, "is a sanitary inspector; his presence indicates that he is finding some filth to feed upon." We may view the fly, I think, in the same light.

A friend told me a story apropos of the plague of flies which is worth repeating. He had gone to see to the comfort of his horse, which he had stabled in a country hotel. The place was full of flies. He complained to the landlord, saying that the stable ought really to be disinfected, if only for the sake of the horses' comfort. "Ah!" said Boniface, "you've come a bit too soon, Sir. You wait till the commercial dinner is on, and there won't be a fly left in the stable!" I think this tale conveys and carries with it a very distinct moral of a sanitary kind relating to the ubiquitous habits and cosmopolitan taste of the insect. The fly as a carrier of disease has not received the attention it deserves. To avoid many sources of disease, we must wage incessant war upon the whole of the species. I trust no Zoophilist will challenge me for advocating the free use of fly-papers.

I observe that the discussion on the subject of the origin of life is being continued in the monthly magazines. My readers will have had their interest in this topic stimulated by the articles and illustrations which have been published in the pages of this Journal. May I point out that there are two entirely different phases involved in the matter? In one we have the question, "Can life originate from that which is not living?" In the other the query is, "Can organisms (that is, living things) originate to-day from others of much lower grade?" Of course, it is the first of these questions the answer to which recent experiments have aimed at furnishing. Needless to say, no answer has yet been supplied; but that is no reason why experimentation should not be further pursued.—ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

BLACK KNIGHT.—Thanks; we trust to find it very acceptable.

G. HILL.—The Pawn must be taken en passant at once. You will find the rule in any chess-book.

E. J. POLGLASS (Clifton).—If you will send your problem on a diagram we will examine it with pleasure.

THAKUR HARI SINGH (Oudh, Ind'a).—Your solution of Problem No. 3191 is quite correct.

P. DALY (Brighton) and G. J. HICKS.—Problems to hand, with thanks.

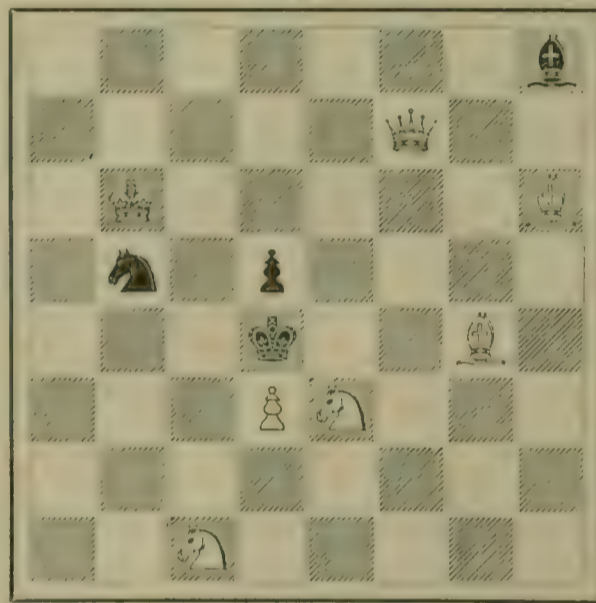
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3197 received from T. Roberts, Eugene Henry, and F. Smart; of No. 3198 from Eugene Henry, H. Walters, J. King, P. Lewis, Roger S. (Hanley), Dorothy Pyson (Higham), and A. G. Bagot; of No. 3199 from J. D. Tucker, Roger S. G. Collins, Burgess Hill, F. Ede (Canterbury), C. E. Perugini, T. Charlton (Clapham Park), Sorrento, A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), Charles Burnett, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J. W. Haynes (Winchester), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), A. G. Bagot (Dublin), John Mathieson (Glasgow), Joseph Wilcock (Shrewsbury), Edith Corser (Reigate), Shadforth, and F. Smart.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3200 received from H. Walters (Plumstead), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), A. G. Bagot, J. D. Tucker (Hilkey), Rev. A. Mays, John Mathieson, F. Henderson (Leeds), T. Charlton, Reginald Gordon, Hereward, Sonie (Anglesey), T. R. Knox, Sorrento, Charles Burnett, A. D. R. F. Folwell, J. W. Haynes, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), C. E. Perugini, E. G. Rodway, T. Roberts (Hackney), H. S. Brandreth (Homburg), Joseph Wilcock, Edith Corser, Doryman, Mrs. Wilson, A. S. Brown (Paisley), Shadforth, R. Worters (Canterbury), G. Mellin, and G. Dean (Bognor).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3199.—By G. J. HICKS.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to K 6th. Any move.  
2. Q, Kt, R, or B mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3202.—By W. GREENWOOD.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS AT SOUTHPORT.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the British Chess Congress between MESSRS. SHERRARD and BELLINGHAM.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. B to B 4th	Kt to Q 2nd
2. P to K 4th	B to B 4th	20. R to B sq	P to Kt 4th
3. Kt to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd	21. B to B 7th	R to K B sq
4. P to B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	22. B to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 6th
5. P takes P	P takes P	23. K to Kt sq	Kt to Kt 3rd
6. Kt takes P	B to Q 3rd	24. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 4th
7. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes P	25. B to R 6th	Kt to K 6th
		26. Q to K 6th	R to K sq
		27. Q takes P (ch)	K to B sq
		28. K R to K sq	

Black has not shown himself at home in declining the Gambit; but this, of course, is a pure oversight.

8. Q to R 4th (ch)

Sheer waste of time, besides landing the Queen on a square from which she can only be extricated presently with heavy loss.

9. Q takes Kt (ch)

10. Q to R 4th (ch)

11. P to Q 4th

12. K to B 2nd

A singularly forcible reply to White's last weak move, which well repays examination. It practically wins back the piece, and cuts off the advance Queen from all succour.

13. P to K R 3rd

14. Kt to Q 2nd

15. Q to Kt 4th

16. Kt to R 4th

17. Q takes P

18. Q to Kt 4th

Another strong move. Black handles the Queen splendidly all through.

19. B to B 7th

20. Q to R 4th

21. R takes R

22. Q to B 2nd

23. B to R 5th

24. P to K Kt 4th

25. B to Q 2nd

26. B takes Kt

27. R to K B sq

28. Kt to K 5th

29. Kt to B 3rd

The contrast between the Bishops on either side is worth notice. Black's have scarcely moved, yet are always threatening. White's are driven from pillar to post without the slightest influence on the game. Black has scored a gallant victory.

Another Game in the Tournament, played between MESSRS. GUNSTON and MACKENZIE.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. P takes P	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
4. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th		
5. Q takes P	P to Q 4th		
6. P takes P (en pas.)	Kt takes Q P		
7. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
8. Q to K B 4th	B to K 2nd		
9. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 3rd		
10. P to K 3rd			
	P to Q R 3rd		
	Castles		
	Q to B sq		
	B takes Kt P		
	B to B 4th		
	P to Kt 3rd		
	B takes B		

White has now gained a distinctly superior position, with both Bishops nicely posted for operations on either flank.

11. Castles Q R

12. P to K R 4th

13. P to K Kt 4th

14. Q R to Kt sq

15. Q to Kt 3rd

16. P to R 5th

17. P takes P

Following up with further sacrifice the assault so well initiated by his thirteenth move.

18. Q to R 2nd

19. Kt to Q 5th

20. Kt takes B

21. Q to K 5th (ch)

22. B to Q 4th

23. Q takes R (ch)

24. R takes B

25. Q takes Kt (ch)

The crowning stroke of a splendid attack. It is rare to find in modern games such vigour and dash as are here exhibited by White.

26. R to K sq (ch)

27. K to K 2nd

28. Resigns.

After a pleasant and successful meeting at Southport, the British Chess Congress resulted as follows: First Prize and Amateur Championship, Mr. Atkins; Second and Third Prizes divided between Messrs. Ward and Sherrard, and Fourth divided between Messrs. Bellingham and Blackburne. The Ladies' Championship was won by Miss Finn.

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## AFTER THE WAR.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

On the day when the terms of the Peace of Portsmouth (N.H.) were practically agreed to, M. Witte, in a surprising spirit of self-glorification, hastened to vaunt the diplomatic victories which he had achieved over the Japanese—who, nevertheless, could quietly boast that they had attained more than the political and material objects for which they went to war. But there now remains for the strongest of Russian statesmen a much harder task than that of saving Russia from the humiliation of paying an indemnity to Japan, and that is the task of bringing Russia into line with the wisdom, the enlightenment, the general efficiency and international repute of her Asiatic conquerors. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*; and the French were quick to profit by this principle after their utter collapse in 1870-71. Will their example be followed by the Russians, who, it is not too much to say, have suffered almost quite as much at the hands of the Japanese? Will the Russian people pluck victory at home from the defeat of their armies and the total destruction of their navies at the earth's extremest end?

The answer to this is that all depends on their autocratic ruler, whom Count Tolstoy has deliberately characterised as "a weak-minded Hussar officer that heredity has tossed up on to the throne . . . a most commonplace man, standing lower than the average level, coarsely superstitious, and unenlightened." If it required a Bismarck to organise and consolidate the Empire of his creating, just consider the qualities necessary for the ruler or statesman on whom it must devolve to transform Russia from the miserably backward and benighted nation that she now is to the tremendous Power into which education, enlightenment, organisation, and steady endeavour might convert her. The real danger to the rest of Europe, springing from preponderance of population and organised strength, would then be—not the "Yellow Peril," but the "Slavonic Peril" from an educated and emancipated people conscious of their mighty force.

For, in spite of their recent disasters and their present stupid despotism with all its abuses to which those disasters were directly due, it is not to be doubted that the Russian people are destined to play a prominent part in the history of the human race. They have grand raw material in men, which only needs working up to make of them a splendid nation. But at present the wheels of progress are lamentably clogged. Give them education, emancipation, organisation, and opportunities of endeavour, all on German lines, and they will turn the tables with a vengeance on their present vanquishers.

But then there comes across this vision, like a blur on the glass of a kaleidoscope, the figure of the "weak-minded Hussar [Cossack] officer that heredity has tossed up on to the throne." He, we know, will not himself prove the instrument of his mighty Empire's transformation after emerging from its fiery furnace of disaster, and M. Witte, or the likes of M. Witte, will not be allowed to do it for him. As Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace remarks in the new and up-to-date edition of his "Russia"—"Even if a strong man, enjoying the full Imperial confidence, could be found, the problem would not be thereby completely and satisfactorily solved, because an Autocrat who is the Lord's Anointed cannot delegate his authority to a simple mortal without losing something of the semi-religious halo on which his authority rests."

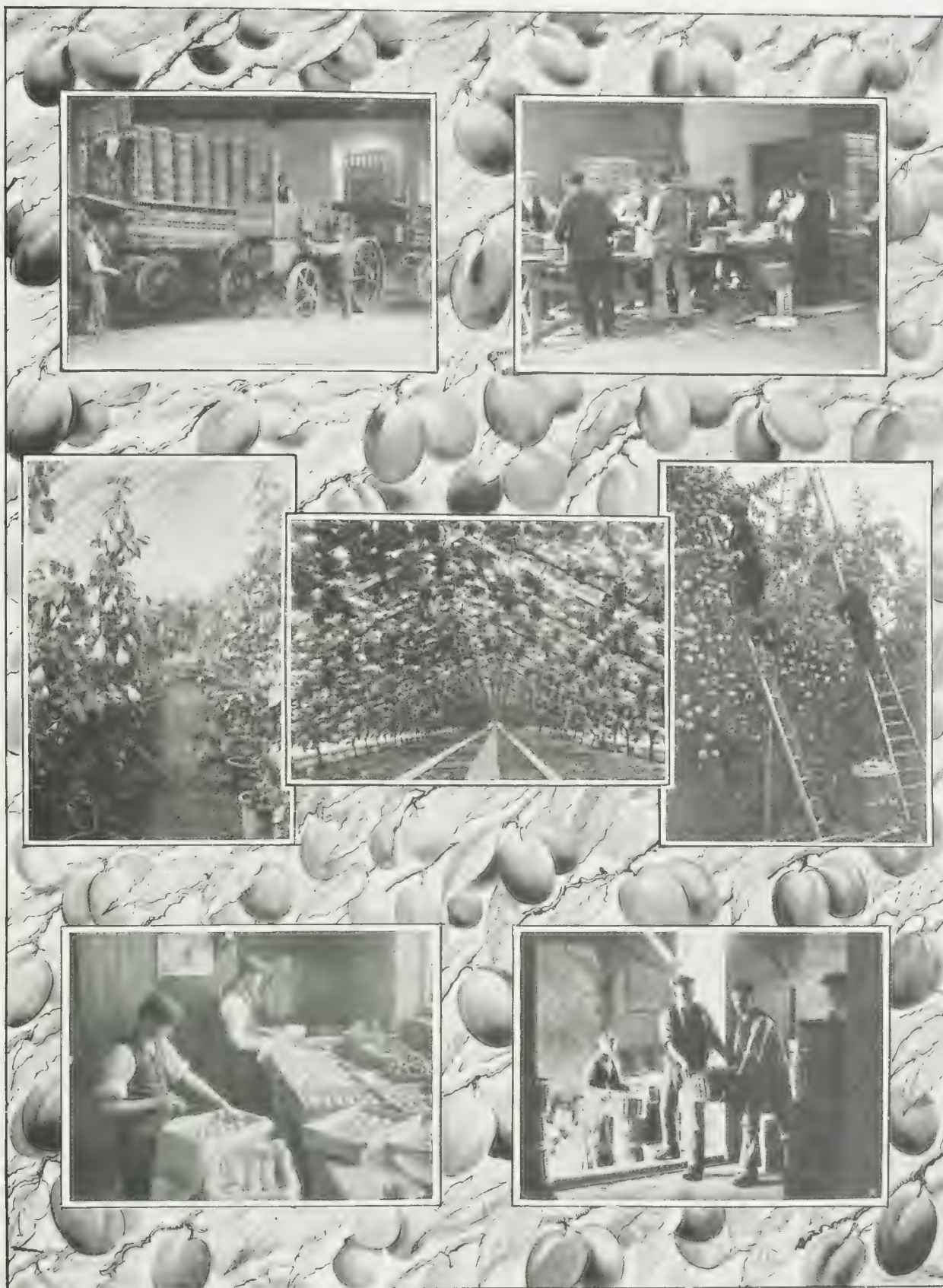
The need for such a "simple mortal," who shall at the same time be a strong man, is all the greater as the internal condition of Russia—resulting from, or at least intensified by, her discomfitures on sea and land—may fairly be compared with the state of things in France which led to the Commune. There can, of course, be no such Commune in Russia—outside the Imperial residences, where a *révolution de palais* is always possible, now as in the past. But if a Paris Commune, or even a Bastille Revolution, is out of the question at St. Petersburg, it is not for want of elements of popular discontent enough to make half-a-dozen Fourteenth of July. The Tsar will sign the Peace of Portsmouth, but when will he affix his signature to the far more important Peace of St. Petersburg? He has already come to terms with his victorious foreign foes; when will he equally compound with his own down-trodden subjects—120,000,000 of them—who have been embittered by the disasters of an unpopular war, costing the Empire, in money alone, about three hundred millions sterling, apart from the loss of several fleets; and in men, more precious than money, about 320,000, of whom close on 100,000 will return home from captivity in Japan to spread about the news that the land of the despised "yellow dwarfs" is a land of greater liberty and enlightenment than Holy Russia?

The Russian armies of Manchuria, without a single victory to their credit, will come back to find famine prevailing in more than twenty provinces of the Empire, owing to the starving of agriculture from the forcing of an unwilling peasantry to the front; to realise, moreover, that their miserable country, during their absence, has been the scene of domestic repression and bloodshed unparalleled almost in history; and that it is now in a state of absolute chaos, in which the only feeble glimmer of light comes from the Imperial promise of a Parliamentary representation, which is just as likely to prove a will-o'-the-wisp to the national hopes as the half-dozen solemn assurances of a similar kind that have been delusively offered to the Russian people throughout the course of their catastrophic war.

In view of all this, who would venture to forecast the immediate future of Russia as one would that of her victorious antagonist, Japan, who has emerged from her colossal conflict as the beacon of enlightenment and the bulwark of sea and land power in the Far East; and who has crowned her unparalleled achievements in the field by such a display of wisdom and magnanimity in the conference-chamber as to entitle her to front rank among the nations of the civilised world?

## THE GLUT OF FRUIT IN THE LONDON MARKET: NEW METHODS OF FRUIT-GROWING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. S. CAMPBELL.



1. THE OLD AND NEW METHODS OF PACKING—BASKETS SUPPLANTED BY BOXES: A FRUIT-CONVOY STARTING FOR COVENT GARDEN.

2. THE NEW METHOD OF PACKING: MAKING THE NON-RETURNABLE BOXES.

3. FRUIT-TREES IN POTS: A NEW METHOD OF FORCING AND PROTECTION.

4. RIPPING THIRTY TONS OF GRAPES IN A VINERY 600 FEET LONG.

5. PICKING APPLES.

6. PACKING PEACHES.

7. BRINGING FRUIT FROM THE FIELDS TO THE PACKING-SETTLES.

British fruit-growers are meeting foreign competition by new methods. It has been discovered that the yield of small trees can be greatly increased by growing them in pots under glass. After bearing, the plant is put into the ground in the open season. Irrigation on a large scale by means of overhead pumps, and an extensive use of hose-piping is also being employed with effect. In packing, the old method of using baskets is being replaced by boxes, and in space and expense by a new method of packing peaches is rather elaborate. The bloom is rubbed off with a stiff brush, and the peaches are then wrapped in tissue paper and protected on the outside by a layer of cotton wool.

# IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF LITTLE NELL: SCENERY IN THE BLACK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. S. SARGISSON, BORDER DESIGN BY



1. A TYPICAL PIER OF THE BLACK COUNTRY, THROUGH WHICH LITTLE NELL PASSED.
2. THE CANAL AT WOLVERHAMPTON.
3. CANAL-BOATS AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

4. THE OLD HILL, TATTON HALL, "TETLIGH OF DOUBLE THREAD," PASSED BY NELL ON LEAVING WOLVERHAMPTON. (THE HERO'S HOUSE IS ON THE LEFT IN THE DISTANCE.)
5. TATTON HALL, DICKENS'S "TETLIGH OF DOUBLE THREAD," THE OLD VILLAGE WHICH NELL PASSED THROUGH.

6. ANOTHER VIEW IN TATTON.
7. ON THE ROAD TO LITTLE NELL'S VILLAGE.
8. AT ALDRINGTON.
9. BETWEEN ALDRINGTON AND TONG.
10. ENTRANCE TO TONG CASTLE.

These photographs constitute, as far as we are aware, the first attempt to identify pictorially the scenery of Little Nell's pilgrimage in "The Old Curiosity Shop." The village grandfather travelled is manifestly Wolverhampton, and the church of Tong, with its monuments, agrees quite plausibly

# COUNTRY DESCRIBED BY DICKENS IN "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

A. HUGH FISHER, FROM ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE EDITION OF 1840.



1. STONE PULPIT IN THE WALL AT THE ENTRANCE TO TONG CASTLE, SHOWING THE LION'S SEAT.
2. TONG CASTLE, NEAR LITTLE NELL'S VILLAGE.
3. THE STONE PULPIT AT TONG CASTLE: SEEN FROM OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

4. TONG CASTLE.
5. A CORNER OF LITTLE NELL'S VILLAGE.
6. THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS'S HOUSE AT TONG, KNOWN AS LITTLE NELL'S COTTAGE.
7. TONG CHURCH, THE SCENE OF LITTLE NELL'S BURIAL.

8. THE RUINS BELOW TONG CHURCH, THE POINT WHERE DICKENS LOCATED THE COTTAGE.
9. MONUMENTS IN TONG CHURCH, UPON WHICH LITTLE NELL PONDERED.
10. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MONUMENTS IN TONG CHURCH.

where Little Nell died was, beyond doubt, Tong, of which Dickens made the acquaintance accidentally during a visit to the Midlands. The town from which Nell and her with the description of the village church in the novel. The identification is further discussed on another page.

VICTIMS OF AUTUMN FROST: A BUSTARD DRIVE IN ROUMANIA.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY ROOK CARNEGIE.



FROZEN-WINGED BUSTARDS AT THE MERCY OF THE ROUMANIAN PEASANTS.

*A sudden frost succeeding rain in Roumania often renders the bustards that abound in the plains peculiarly easy victims to the sportsman. The birds get their wings frozen, and in their helplessness are attacked by mounted peasantry, who, with shouting and cracking of whips, drive them into an enclosure, where they are dispatched.*



SILVER FAVOURITES.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

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## LADIES' PAGE.

To nobody will the blessed arrival of peace be more warmly welcome than to our King and Queen, especially to the latter, whose sympathies must have been peculiarly keen in this case, because her beloved sister—the one nearest to her in age, and her constant friend—the Dowager Empress of Russia, has been closely concerned in the trouble. This must have given an exceptional sense of sorrow to the womanly heart that is always saddened by the knowledge that war is being waged. Sad and strange does it seem that the creatures whom Professor Darwin has just told us are "microscopic beings in comparison with astronomical space, living on a puny planet circling round a star of inferior rank," should spend their energies in shortening the already insignificant span of existence for one another by the cruel and awful incidents of "horrid war." Woman's share in war at present, since she is not allowed to try to prevent it, is to tend its victims, and to do all that she can to alleviate its rigours. There is an interesting letter, printed by the leading Russian journal, from a wounded officer, the son of an old Admiral, lying in Japan a prisoner, but cared for in hospital as faithfully as if he were a friend. He says—speaking of the Japanese women as nurses—"I never imagined that they could treat me with such tenderness. I thought that only one's mother could be so kind. After the operation they never left me, day or night. What wounds there are here! But no matter how repulsive they are, the nurses do not neglect them. We all look up to the nurses with gratitude." This is very fine; but how little can the most tender nurse do to alleviate such miseries as war inflicts!

It is my firm belief that women only will practically make nations peaceful; not that they are unpatriotic or unwilling to do their share in war when it is forced on them, but that they are by Nature's law the peaceful sex. As Queen Alexandra is reported to have said in an interview with a French journalist last spring: "You gentlemen say war, but we women say peace—peace in every nation and peace between nations. I have ever been afraid of all the warlike preparations, the inflammable matter which is accumulated, whence may spread

bend before no argument but that of counter force, and that the best security for peace is to be ready to fight. But it is in the nature of things that women should dread and hate the approach of war and the conduct that tends thitherward, while men should be more alive to the need to show courage and proud defiance of the foe and self-sacrifice for the protection of the industries and the firesides of the land. For why? Because these tendencies are written in the fatherhood and the motherhood of the race. It is not only that the mother knows too well all that a son has cost to be willing to send him to be mangled or killed in his prime: it is that the instinct of the mother, from the lower animal upward to the human family, is to seek a peaceful, quiet spot in which undisturbed to tend and rear her helpless little ones; while that of the good father is to stand forth to protect them all, and to fight to defend and keep in security the corner where the mother of his offspring nestles them to her side. In the joint influence of men and women, surely, is the true ruling and guiding force of nations to be sought.

President Roosevelt, by the way, who is the hero of the hour for what he has done to bring this peace, has long been a steady advocate of the progress of women—as most really manly and strong men are. An article in a recent *Fortnightly Review* by a lady novelist—a class who seem to be especially given to depreciating their sex—was based on the notion that the President was in favour of what this lady called "The Re-subjection of Women." On the contrary, President Roosevelt, with his customary courage, actually put a paragraph advocating women's suffrage into his Inaugural Address to the Legislature when he became Governor of New York, the position in which he first made his mark on his nation. In many published addresses since he has repeatedly taken the same ground. "I believe in women's rights as much as I believe in man's, and, indeed, a little more," he said in March of this year, to the Congress of Mothers in Washington. In 1899, he said to the same body of ladies: "The mother must be more than head-nurse and housekeeper. She must have an interest in outside things to keep up her self-respect; and if she loses that self-respect, she loses that of her children. No family can become all it ought to be if the mother does not keep in touch sufficiently with outside interests, and with what is going on in the world, to be an intellectual stimulus to her children. . . . I have noticed in women's colleges," he added, "the fine type—cultivation of the body not neglected in cultivation of the brain, and both not developed at the expense of the character." He urged mothers to "bring up their sons, as well as their daughters, to be clean in life, and let them inculcate courage in their daughters—not only the softer and milder virtues, but also the stern and hardy qualities—as well as in their sons. Character counts for more than money." The lady novelist is therefore mistaken in supposing that the President has ever expressed a desire to see women "re-subjected."

"Collections" of all sorts have been made; there are several of boots and shoes, for instance, a notable one being now in the Musée Cluny, at Paris; and fans, lace, embroideries, and complete costumes have all been put aside for preservation. But one article of attire that has played a great part has, it seems, escaped the attention of the collecting instinct—to wit, the belt or girdle. There are scarcely any ancient specimens to be found, so we are told by the historian of the City "Worshipful Company of Girdlers," whose guild has outlasted the trade that it represented. Yet the girdle or belt was an important article of attire for both women and men during many centuries; it carried the money and supported the sword, and formed at many periods the most conspicuous and valuable piece of jewellery that was to be seen on the wearer in full dress. It was often richly jewelled, heavily embroidered in gold, or made of the most splendid woven fabrics, and its vogue as a special and important part of the dress lasted till the days of the Georges. In mediæval portraits it is seen to be the most decorative portion of the costume, the long jewelled ends falling nearly to the feet after the waist was encircled. Yet the Girdlers' Company cannot now find any specimens! Probably the very fact that precious stones were set in the fine belts of olden days led to their being broken up; for to have their gems set anew to meet passing fashion has always been one of the pastimes of the wealthy. It is, indeed, a sensible thing to do. Ancient-looking or out-of-date ornaments are often left lying in drawers unused because they have been inherited or were given by dear friends. But a gem will remain a remembrance of the cherished giver equally if the form in which it is set be altered, and if it be transformed into some shape that is acceptable. The legacy or gift will be more truly respected by being thus made practically available for wear and giving pleasure to the possessor.

Fur is likely to be a great deal used as a trimming on cold-weather gowns. A narrow line of Persian lamb, of sable, or of ermine is one of the most becoming adornments possible. Sable is most distinguished looking; but a band of real Russian sable edging two inches wide costs at least two guineas the yard. Grey squirrel is the cheapest fur suitable for the purpose, and is effective. A new model just over, an advance autumn fashion, is in deep purple smooth cloth, made with a basque so long as to give the effect of a double skirt. The front of the bodice

is very slightly full and pouched at the exact front, and set into a belt of the material stitched in many lines to give it firmness, the basque being also set into the lower edge of the same belt. The centre of the corsage up to close near the throat (where it is cut out to show a little lace V) is trimmed by loops and tiny buttons of black cord; but these are only ornaments, the fastening being really done by concealed hooks down the centre, between the buttons. Beyond the row of loops comes on each side a revers of violet velvet about two inches wide, and this is bordered with an inch wide edging



DESIGN FOR PLAID DRESS.

The smartness of plaid is expressed in this little autumn gown. The ornamentation consists of rows of braid, and belt and touches of trimming in velvet.

of black Persian lamb. The sleeves are laid in close pleats and stitched down from wrist to elbow, and thence they slightly curve out into gradually increasing fullness, set into the armhole in large pleats, but not extremely full; round the wrist is a cuff of velvet with black fur edging, and the bottom of the trotteuse skirt is similarly finished. Ermine is used to trim a smart visiting-gown of check taffetas, the ground of which is old pink and the narrow close lines slightly darker, a vest of the pretty fur forming a narrow line down the centre of the corsage, with a band of Irish crochet on either side of it; while on the skirt three narrow bands of ermine are set to curve up from the feet at either side of the front. White enamel and cut steel buttons hold these bands at both the top and bottom ends; and at the throat a full jabot of lace, that softens the effect, is held across with a slip of ermine fixed on with a similar handsome and glittering button.

We housewives of to-day are fortunate in having at our command many articles that had to be made by our ancestresses with their own hands. Amongst the delicacies that are now available, the provisions that bear the name of "Elizabeth Lazenby and Son" across their labels are especially reliable and greatly help in the task of keeping a good table at moderate cost. This good old house has flourished since the days of George III., but modern progressive methods and facilities of communication have brought their manufactures within everybody's reach in prices. Perhaps the foremost article of their manufacture is the only original and genuine "Harvey's Sauce," prepared from the century-old recipe, and bearing the familiar label with the signature "Elizabeth Lazenby." It has acquired and long maintained its celebrity, and to this day there is probably no sauce which is to be preferred in the estimation of most people of cultivated taste. Of more recent advent, but not less noteworthy on that account, is Lazenby's "Chef" sauce, which is a unique production, creamy in consistence and a delicious relish, excellent for all culinary purposes. E. Lazenby and Son, Ltd., have a host of other specialties, amongst them being their famous lemon squash; their soups and soup squares, excellent for quality and a great convenience; their table jellies, and their potted meats and fish of all kinds, which are of unvarying standard of excellence. Then their pickles, mincemeat, plum-puddings, fruit syrups, salad oils, olives, and many other productions are known everywhere as articles than can always be depended upon.

FILOMENA.

A DINNER-DRESS OR TEA-GOWN.

This graceful costume can be worn for an "At Home" in the afternoon or for a dinner intime. It is simply constructed, but in silk velvet and real lace is a stately garment.

the awful fire which will throw mankind into mourning and grieve in Heaven the common Father of all men." Queen Victoria was never weary of trying to maintain peace, and she wrote as her favourite text in a Bible handed her for the purpose by the present Duke of Argyll, with a request from Lord Ronald Gower that she would favour him by doing so, the well-known passage from St. Paul about the Christian virtues—"The greatest of these is love." Her late Majesty and the revisers of the New Testament concur in rendering the word called "charity" in the older version.

We know that war is now still sometimes necessary, that aggression and cupidity must be withstood, that the arrogant truculence of certain powerful individuals will



## THE RENDERING OF ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC, the noblest work of the great masters, has hitherto demanded interpretation by an orchestra, and so an exploration of any extent into this region of musical creation has been denied to the individual, on account of the few opportunities afforded of becoming acquainted with the masterpieces of harmony.

The Aeolian has changed all this. It has opened a vast realm of pleasure to the lover of music, of melody in its highest form of grandeur and beauty.

The Aeolian is played by means of a perforated paper roll, which interprets the score with faultless technique, but the expression remains completely under the control of the player, who imparts it through various stops. Thus one is enabled to conduct an orchestra in one's home, and all the greatest works are available to be interpreted at leisure.

It seems almost beyond the bounds of belief that anyone, even one with no technical knowledge of music whatever, can play the finest compositions with ease.

However, a visit to Aeolian Hall will effectually demonstrate the powers of this wonderful instrument, the tone qualities and sympathetic rendering of which have been eulogised by the most famous living musicians.

If inconvenient to call, write for Catalogue 25.

THE

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## SAVORY & MOORE'S BEST FOOD for INFANTS and INVALIDS

If the food given in infancy is the right food, strong bodies, powerful muscle, and energetic brains will be built up. It is for this reason that "Savory & Moore's Best Food" is so popular with mothers and nurses, and also with doctors, many of whom use it in their own families. The most striking proof of its excellence is afforded by the fact that its use has been adopted in so many Royal Nurseries. Dr. W— writes that he "finds 'Savory & Moore's Best Food' agrees better with children than any other, and always recommends it to his patients as being by far the best assimilated by delicate infants."

The value of "Savory & Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" for convalescents, the aged, and those of weak digestion is very great. It is enjoyed, and is well digested and retained, when every other food fails. One special reason why it is so much appreciated is that it may be prepared in so many different ways without either its digestibility or nutritive value being in the slightest degree lessened or impaired.

"Savory & Moore's Best Food" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in tins at 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. A LARGE TRIAL TIN will be sent post free for six penny stamps by Messrs. Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, 143, New Bond St., London, W., to all who mention the *Illustrated London News*, together with handbook of great interest to mothers, nurses, and those having the care of invalids.



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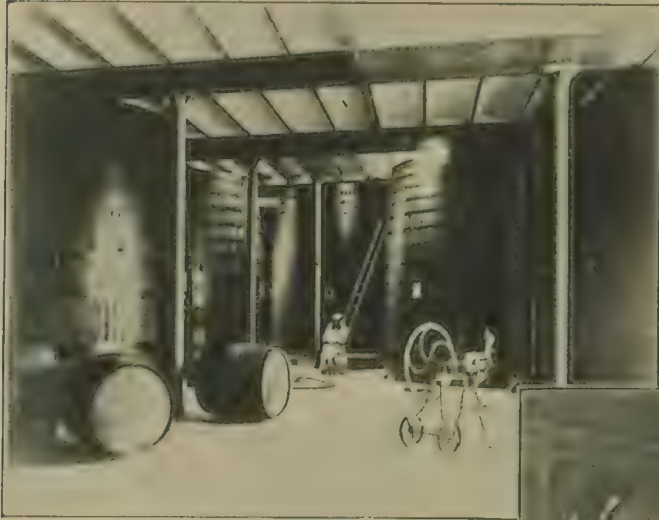
**DON'T APPLY  
 VIM TOO DRY.**

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.  
 The name LEVER on VIM is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

THE  
**POLISHER**

## THE REAL CHARTREUSE LIQUEUR.

The famous old industry carried on by the monks of La Grande Chartreuse is prosecuted by them at Tarragona since their expulsion under the French



VATS CONTAINING SPIRITS OF WINE.

Associations law. The Liquidator of the Carthusian Order appointed by the French Government appropriated the original label of the original liqueur, and used it for the liqueur which he is now manufacturing. The monks therefore warn the public that the real liqueur, of which they alone hold the secret, bears under the signature "L. Garnier" at the bottom right-hand corner the words "Lith-Allier-Grenoble" (Allier being the name of the printer), whilst the label used by the Liquidator bears the words "Imp. Lith. Grenoble," without the name Allier. It is some slight satisfaction to the Carthusian Fathers that the Tribunal of Grenoble confirmed in a judgment of May 18 last the fact that the monks have kept the secret of the manufacture of their liqueur intact. The judgment decreed that the process represented an unseizable property, since not having been patented it remains unknown; and the said label has become separated from the product, the genuineness of which it used to guarantee. The sole agents in this country are Messrs. H. Rivière and Co.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Worcester told the story of Hartlebury Castle to a large company which he and Lady Barbara Yeatman-Biggs entertained last month in the park. He mentioned that the Castle belonged to the Bishops of Worcester before Windsor belonged to the Kings of England. It was three times besieged—in Stephen's reign, in the Wars of the Roses, and under the Commonwealth. Queen Elizabeth, George III., and George IV. were entertained there. One of the treasures of the library is the "Legenda Aurea," the first book printed in France.

One of the Japanese Envoys at Portsmouth, who is a Christian, went quietly and almost unrecog-

Leeds Parish Church. The address contains the following passage: "During the nearly ten years of your life as Vicar of the parish of Leeds—years of hard work and continuous strain—you have maintained the high standard of Church work

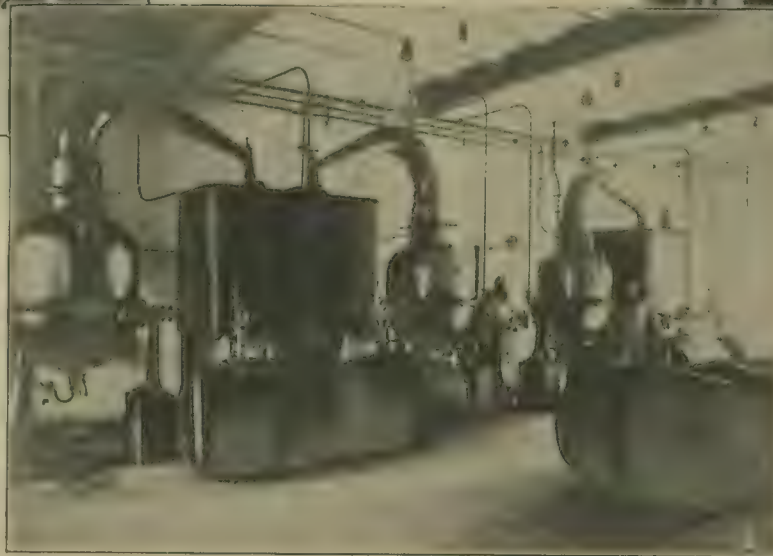


THE LABELLING FLOOR.

established by your predecessors, Hook, Atlay, Woodford, Gott, Jayne, and Talbot." It is interesting to note that with the single exception of Dr. Hook, all these eminent Vicars of Leeds became Bishops.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, who has been absent only a month from the City Temple, resumed his ministry on Sunday. He has undertaken to preach the official sermon at the autumn assembly of the Congregational Union.

The late Mr. William Winter, who died as the result of an Alpine accident in August, was for many years churchwarden of St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. Amongst those who attended his funeral at Meiringen were Lord Monkswell and Canon Selwyn, Headmaster of Uppingham. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Payne, Chaplain at Meiringen, and the Rev. E. E. Utterton, Chaplain at Mürren. On the coffin were Mr. Winter's rope and ice-axe, and wreaths and crosses from his English friends.



A CORNER OF THE DISTILLERY.

THE NEW HOME OF THE REAL CHARTREUSE LIQUEUR AT TARRAGONA.

nised to a little church in Kittery, on the Maine side of the river, which divides the States near the site of the Navy Yard.

An illuminated address has been presented to Dr. Gibson, Bishop of Gloucester, by the patrons of



Oblong Breakfast Dish, 9½ in. long, with loose inner dish. Prince's Plate, £5 10s.; Sterling Silver, £15 5s.



Fluted Cake Basket, 10 in. round. Electro Plate, £1 1s.; Prince's Plate, £1 8s.; Sterling Silver, £5 15s.



Prince's Plate Revolving Soup Tureen, Fluted. 9 in., £5 10s.; 10 in., £6; 11 in., £7.

## Mappin & Webb, Ltd., And Mappin Bros.



Sterling Silver, massive, fluted; Centre, 11 in. diameter, 8 in. high, £24.  
Dessert Dish, 8 in. diameter, 5½ in. high, £13 15s. each.

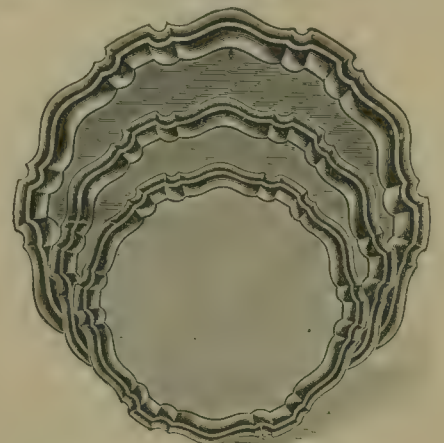
Payment by Instalments if desired.



Prince's Plate, £1 10s.  
Sterling Silver, £5 5s.



Prince's Plate Heating Stand, with Aluminium Top.  
One Lamp.  
15½ in. by 11½ in., £5 15s.



Chippendale Salvers with Fancy Borders.

	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
6 in.,	£1 8 0	£2 2 0
8 "	1 13 0	3 14 0
10 "	2 0 0	5 15 0
12 "	2 12 0	8 8 0
14 "	3 5 0	12 0 0



Registered Design.  
"James I." Entrée Dish, 11½ in. long.  
Prince's Plate, £3 5s.; Sterling Silver, £10 10s.

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SHOW  
ROOMS:

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**OXFORD  
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*Built in the World's greatest engineering centre.*

These splendid Cars are made of the very finest materials, constructed on the latest scientific principles, and thoroughly finished in every detail. The ARGYLL Motor Factory possesses the best and most powerful equipment for motor production in the world.

**"The Famous Argyll"**  
has become a common term in the best motoring circles, because of its  
**COMPLETE RELIABILITY.  
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EASY HANDLING.  
SILENT RUNNING.  
LUXURIOUS FINISH.**

An Argyll Car won the Gold Medal for absolute reliability and hill-climbing.—An Argyll Car was awarded the Medal for elegance and comfort at the Paris show.—Argyll Cars gained First and Second places in the recent Melbourne to Sydney hill-climb trials.

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**WORLD-FAMOUS  
£20 "LUDGATE."**  
*Best London Made.*

Chronometer Balance. Far excels all others in Value and Quality.  
In heavy 18-carat Gold Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, £20 Cash.  
OR BY "The Times" SYSTEM OF

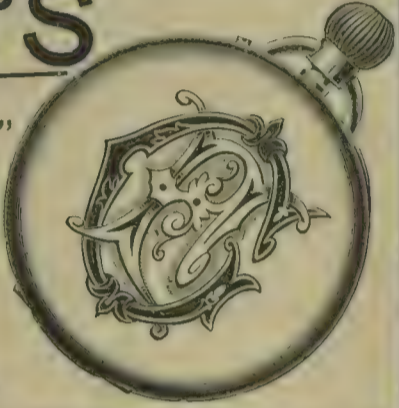
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BEST FOR  
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*Light. Compact.*  
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GIVES EXPOSURES UP TO  
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Nothing like it, but everybody does. It's so cool and diffuses such a delightful aroma.

Sold everywhere in 1-oz., 2-oz., and 4-oz. Tins.

**GALLAHER, Ltd.,**  
We belong to no Ring or Combine.

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**Officially Adopted by H.M. Government**

Every contagious disease arises as the result of neglecting to destroy the germs from which it originates. A prolific source of these germs is putrefaction from a sink, drain, etc., though sometimes they are present without any warning odour. The use of Izal,

## THE IDEAL DISINFECTANT

removes all shadow of risk of contagion, because, no matter what type of germ may be present, it is instantly destroyed by this powerful antiseptic.

You will be well-repaid a perusal of the little book Dr. Andrew Wilson has written on this subject. A free copy will be sent to you if you write to NEWTON, CHAMBERS & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 32), Thorncliffe, near Sheffield.

Izal is pleasant to use, non-poisonous, and very economical. To be had everywhere, 6d., 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6.

**1/- BOTTLE MAKES 20 GALLONS**



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the RIGHT HON. ALEXANDER STAVELEY HILL, of Oxley Manor, Staffs., P.C., D.C.L., K.C.,

H. K. Seamons, bailiff, £100; J. Atkins, coachman, £100; H. Ellis, coachman, £20; and five household servants £5 each; Austin, Jarrod, Stagg, Cope, Fox, Taylor, and Snead, farm hands, £10 each, all free of legacy duty—the deceased left the whole of his property, subject to a three years' interregnum to carry out the due administration of the same, to his son Henry Staveley Hill, M.P. for Kingswinford, Staffs., absolutely.

The will (dated April 12, 1904) of MR. HENRY ARTHUR WATSON, of

Aymestry Court, Woolton, Lancashire, who died on May 22, has been proved by Francis Newall Watson and Campbell Newall Watson, the nephews, and Alexander Watson Birkett, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £100,189. The testator gives £1000 per annum and the household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Clare Hamilton Watson, who is already possessed of large means; £100 each to his executors; and £50 to Mary Agnes Davidson. One fourth of the residue of his property he leaves to the children of his brother William Newall Watson, one fourth to the children of his sister Margaret Parsons, one fourth to the children of his sister Agnes Macrorie,



THE REMAINS OF A VIKING SHIP AT CHRISTIANIA.

STEREOGRAPHIC COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK

The vessel was excavated from a burial tumulus. At their death the sea-kings were laid in state on board one of their ships, and the vessel was either enclosed in a mound, or set on fire at sea.

has been proved in the Principal Registry of the Probate Division in London by the executors, Mr. F. A. Bosanquet, K.C., the Common Serjeant of London, Mr. Harry Evans, of Hagley, Worcestershire, and Mr. C. A. Noad, of London. The gross freehold estate has been valued at £70,532 10s., and the gross personal estate at £27,513 1s. 2d., the net realty at £46,000, and the net personalty at £24,900. After leaving the following legacies to his domestic and farm servants at Oxley Manor—Miss H. E. Cope, housekeeper, £150; G. Waters, butler, £250;



A FLORAL CLOCK IN A LONDON PARK.

The clock has been arranged by the gardeners at the Penge Recreation Ground. The hours and dial are in variegated flowers; the hands, which are shallow troughs containing growing plants, are set every day to show the hour of closing the park.

# LUCERNE.

# LAKE OF LUCERNE.



TELL'S CHAPEL.

The Most Delightful

## Autumn Resort

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Unique in Beauty and Variety of Excursions  
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ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD., BELFAST.  
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Manufacturers to His Most Gracious Majesty the King.

**IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, SHIRTS, AND SHIRTS.**  
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Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz.  
Shirts, Fine Quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Points, 35/6 per 4 doz. (10 measure, 2/- extra).  
N.B.—Old Shirts made good as new with good materials in Neck Bands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for 14/- the 4-doz.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent Direct to Belfast.

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SANATORIUM,  
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Three Physicians. Chief Physician, ASCHKE, M.D.  
Suitable for any kind of Cure. Splendid Situation. Most Efficacious Cures. Open the whole year. Prospectus free.

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**Liqueur Whisky**

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AGENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD

**SOZODONT** TOOTH  
POWDER



Free from grit and acid. Prevents accumulation of tartar. Will not injure the enamel of the teeth. Ask your dentist.

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,  
admirably adapted to the Wants of Infants and Young Persons."

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.,  
*Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*

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"A PERFECT FOOD for Infants." *Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN, Editress of "Baby."*

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GOLD MEDAL WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.

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## PATENT SPIRAL PUTTEES

SHAPED TO WIND  
ON SPIRALLY FROM  
ANKLE TO KNEE  
WITHOUT ANY TURNS  
OR TWISTS.

Made in various qualities and colours. Shade Cards on application.

### For Ladies and Children.

Light Weight. With Spats, 7/6 per pair. (Detachable 1/- extra.) Without Spats, 5/- per pair.

Send size of foot.

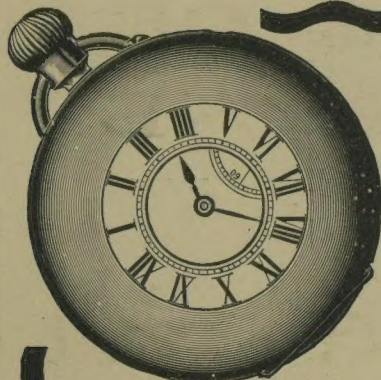
### For Men.

With Spats, from 10/6 to 12/- per pair. Detachable, 1/- extra. (If detachable required, send size of boot). Without Spats, from 6/- to 7/6 per pr.

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In Heavy 18-carat Gold Hunter or Half-Hunter Case.

Each Watch Guaranteed.

Handsome Monogram engraved free of charge.

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Lever  
Watch . £17** 18-ct. Gold,

The Company's English Watches are the Finest Manufactured, and at the PRICES CHARGED UNDER THE COMPANY'S CASH SYSTEM, YOU SAVE 25 PER CENT., and buy the finest watch it is possible to procure.

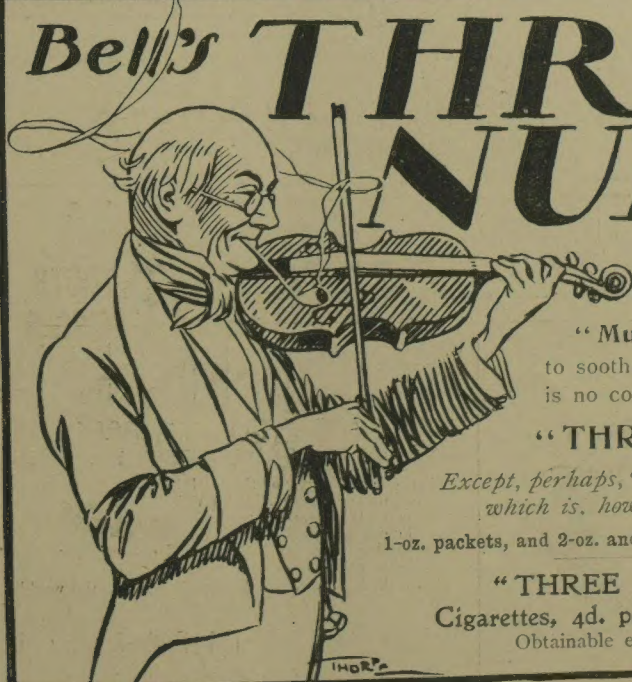
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Watchmakers to the Admiralty,  
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Bell's **THREE  
NUNS**  
Tobacco



"Music hath Charms to soothe"—but after all there is no consoler equal to

"THREE NUNS,"

Except, perhaps, "KING'S HEAD," which is, however, stronger.

1-oz. packets, and 2-oz. and 4-oz. tins, at 6d. per oz.

"THREE NUNS"

Cigarettes, 4d. per packet of 10.  
Obtainable everywhere.

Always ready for use

The **KROPP** RAZOR

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE

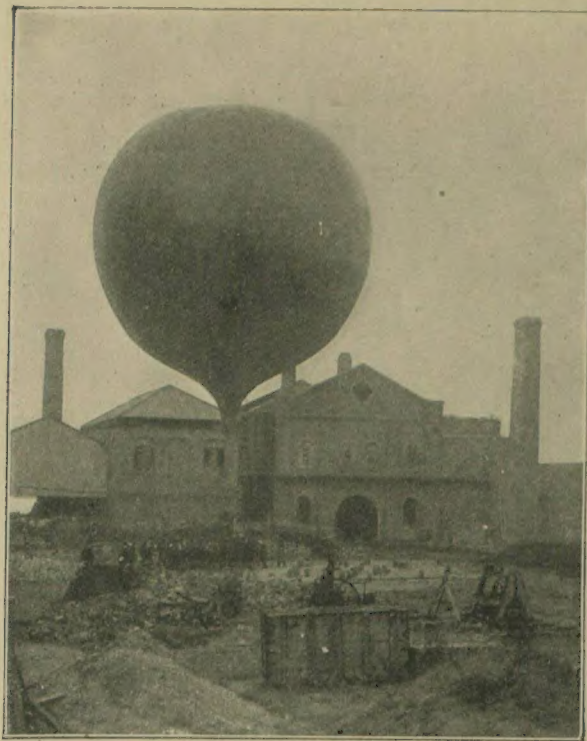
is a pleasure to use

Each RAZOR IN A CASE

Black Handle 5/6  
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Never requires Grinding

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A BALLOON ASCENT TO VIEW THE ECLIPSE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER.

At 12.35 on August 30, Mr. F. Hedges Butler, founder of the Aero Club, accompanied by Mr. Percival Spencer, ascended from Wandsworth to view the eclipse during a voyage to France. One of their photographs appears opposite.

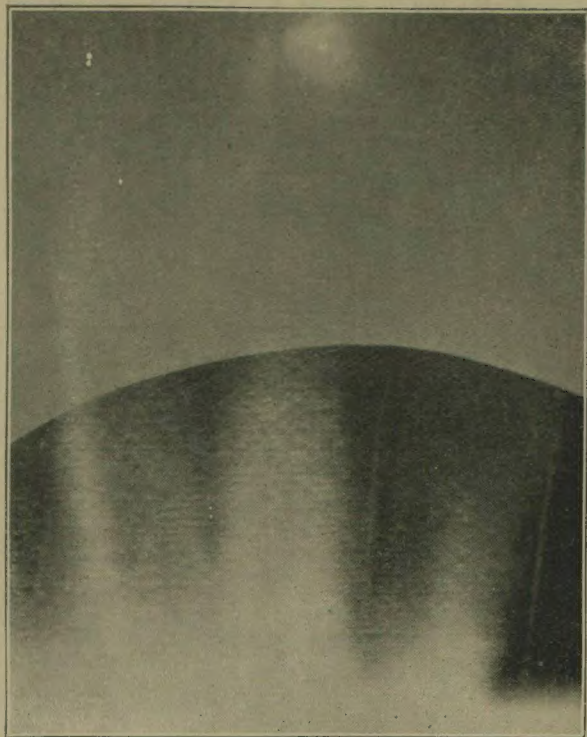
and one fourth, in trust, for the widow of his brother Theodore for life, and then for their children.

The will (dated April 30, 1904) of MR. JOHN BOUCHER, of Perham House, Tyndall's Park, Clifton, Bristol, who died on July 29, has been proved by Charles Ernest Boucher, John Mycroft Boucher, and George Herbert Boucher, the sons, the value of the estate being £74,054. The testator gives to his wife £100, and, while she remains his widow, an annuity of £700, or £300 per annum should she again marry; to his sons, Charles and John, his Ordinary shares in Finnis and Co., Limited, to be taken by them at par value; £1000 each to his children, Annie Gertrude, Edith Margaret, Helen Constance, and George Herbert; £2500 to his son Frank Treadwell; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his seven children.

The will (dated June 15, 1897) of MR. LEASOWE WALKER, of Morningside, Scarborough, who died on July 15, has been proved by Mrs. Fanny Hall Walker, the widow, Mrs. Kathleen Partridge, the daughter, and John Cecil Atkinson, the value of the real and personal estate being £66,279. The testator gives £250 to John Cecil Atkinson; £1500 to Mrs. Mary Ayre; and during her widowhood the use of his house and furniture and the income from one half of his residuary estate to his wife. Subject thereto, all his property is to be held, in trust, for his daughter and her husband and family.

The will (dated June 1, 1905) of MR. JOHN RAMSDEN, of Park House, Grosvenor Park Road, Chester, who died on June 6, has been proved by Charles Greenhouse, Harold Lewis Greenhouse, and John Cullimore, the value of the property being £62,458. He gives £500 to the Chester Infirmary; £200 each to the training-ship *Clio*, the Chester Certified Industrial School, the Chester District Nurses' Institution, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; £100 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £1000 to his grand-nephew Montagu Ramsden; £1000 to his grand-niece Florence Ramsden; £500 to William Robinson Taylor; £600 to Harold Lewis Greenhouse; and other legacies. The residue of

The Sun.



A SNAPSHOT OF THE ECLIPSE FROM A BALLOON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER.

In two-and-a-half minutes the aeronauts were above the clouds, and were able to take some admirable photographs. They descended at 8 p.m. at La Délivrande, near Caen, after a voyage of 200 miles across the widest part of the Channel.



## RUDGE-WHITWORTH

The Three Great Features of the RUDGE-WHITWORTH are Lightness, Strength, Reliability, and the chief of these is

### RELIABILITY.

Whether you ride on the rough, uneven roads of the country, or the smooth asphalt of the city, the RUDGE-WHITWORTH will stand the test. We know from experience the great strain bicycles are subjected to, and we make the Rudge-Whitworth more than strong enough to stand those strains.

There are 70 models, packed free and carriage paid, at prices from

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Or by Easy Payments from 4/3 monthly. Full particulars, with 64-page Catalogue, post free from

**RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd. (Dept. L 7), COVENTRY.**

## Do not be deceived any longer by imitations!

The only genuine  
Harvey's Sauce is that  
made by

**E. LAZENBY & SON, Ltd.**

The only firm that  
holds the original recipe  
for Harvey's Sauce—  
that has held it for 100  
years—is

**E. LAZENBY & SON, Ltd.**

The only sauce in  
the market which is  
Harvey's Sauce, and  
not an imitation, bears  
the signature of

**ELIZABETH LAZENBY.**

The surest way to get  
the genuine Harvey's  
Sauce is to ask for  
Lazenby's Sauce, and  
to see for yourself in  
RED INK across the  
label the words

**LAZENBY'S SAUCE.**

No other sauce  
tendered as Harvey's  
is genuine.



IF IT DOESN'T  
BEAR THAT  
ENDORSEMENT  
(viz., Lazenby's Sauce)

IN RED INK,  
IT ISN'T  
HARVEY'S SAUCE  
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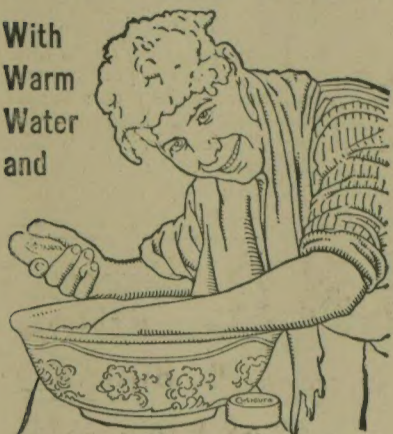
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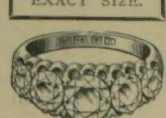
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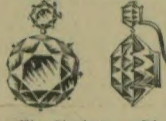
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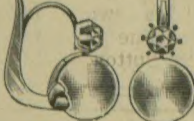
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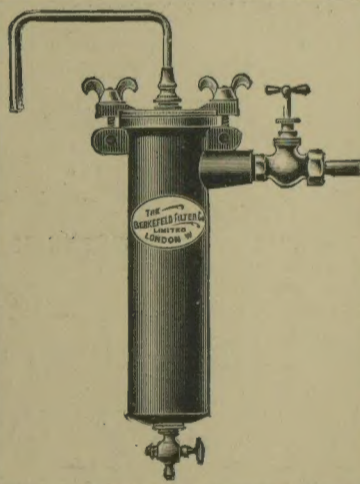
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In conformity with the request of the Berkefeld Filter Company, I have had the powers of their Filters tested by an experienced chemical expert, in order to determine if lead contained in water could be removed by their Filters. On submitting a drinking water containing lead to the action of the "Berkefeld" Filter, this lead was found to be removed. If lead exists in a state of true solution no Filter will remove it from water, but if such water be treated first with chalk (to remove acidity) the "Berkefeld" Filter will yield lead-free water. As lead is ordinarily represented in many waters, it will be removed by these Filters; where lead is present in a certain form—lead nitrate, for example—the Filter will not remove the impurity, but it will do so if the water is first treated with chalk. How much lead a water may contain depends on the character of the water, and also on the length of time it has lain in contact with, say, a leaden pipe.

At the least it is important and interesting to note that, from certain waters, without chalk treatment, lead is undoubtedly removed by the "Berkefeld" Filters.

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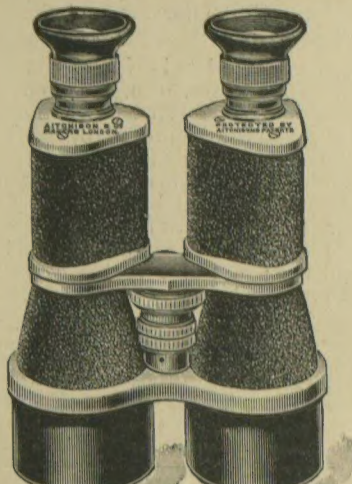
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"I received the 'Swan' Fountain Pens which their Majesties the Emperor and Empress desired to see. The Emperor has kept two pens, an ink-filler, and leather pocket. The others will be sent back by next week's messenger, and will be delivered to you on application at the Russian Embassy."

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his property he leaves, in trust, for his nephew Thomas Ramsden for life, and then for Montagu and Florence Ramsden.

The will (dated Sept. 24, 1902) of MR. WILLIAM SHEPLEY WILSON, of Burnside, Sandhurst Road, Tunbridge Wells, who died on July 5, is now proved by Mrs. Sophia Susanna Wilson, the widow, John Gordon Wilson, and George Shepley Wilson, the sons; the value of the estate being £51,219. The testator gives £200 and the contents of his residence to his wife; £50 per annum to his wife's sister Beatrice Lay; and subject thereto the whole of his property is to be held, in trust, for Mrs. Wilson for life, and then for his children and their issue.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1904) of MR. HENRY GEORGE SUTTON, of 9, Elvaston Place, Queen's Gate, sixth son of Sir Richard Sutton, Bart, who died on May 10, has been proved by the Rev. Arthur Frederick Sutton, the value of the estate being £48,110. The testator gives to his wife the money on deposit and current account at his bankers, £200, Maylings House, near Fareham, with the furniture, and during her widowhood, £600 per annum, and the use of his town residence; and £50 to his executor. The residue of his property he leaves to his son, Hugh Clement Sutton.

Letters of Administration *pendente lite* of MR. WILLIAM MACKAY LOW, of Wellesbourne, House, Wellesbourne, Warwick, who died on June 18, have been granted to Mr. John Edwin Denney, the value of the estate being £38,530; but this amount does not include the testator's interest in various commercial concerns.

Letters of Administration *pendente lite* of MR. HENRY CHARLES RICHARDS, K.C., M.P., of 1, West Hill, St. Leonards, and 2, Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, who died on June 1, have been granted to Algernon Osmond Miles, the value of the property amounting to £48,715.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce an excellent series of facilities to Doncaster Races, the most popular event of the year in the North. The Great Northern route is the most comfortable and by far the quickest, the journey occupying only 2 hours 55 min. between King's Cross and Doncaster. A special luncheon-car express, at ordinary fares, and formed of corridor vested stock of the newest Great Northern pattern, leaves King's Cross at 9.53 a.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday,

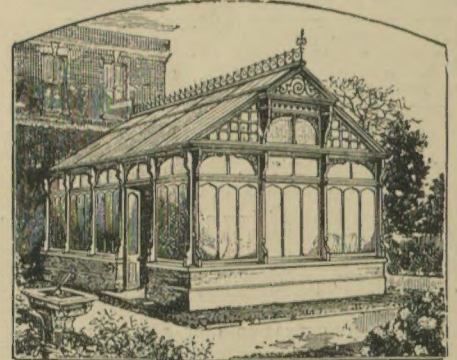
and reaches Doncaster at 12.48 p.m. without an intermediate stop. The corresponding return dining-car train leaves Doncaster at 6.10 p.m. Tuesday, 5.45 p.m. Wednesday, and 4.55 p.m. Friday.

We have received from Messrs. George Graham and Son, of 1, Stanley Road, Coventry, a firm of wholesale manufacturers of fine hand-made English watches, of forty years' standing, an interesting and practical booklet on "The Cleaning, Repair, and Scientific Adjustment of Fine Watches." We understand a copy of the booklet above-mentioned can be obtained post-free from the firm.

To those who have expressed doubt as to the desire of Australia for new settlers, it will come as a surprise to learn that the Premier has now set aside fifty farms, varying from 200 to 300 acres, in the best district of New South Wales, which will be allotted to the first British applicants. These are improved freehold farms, all ready for the plough, and, at a cost of from 2s. to 3s. per acre per annum, paid over a series of years, new settlers can secure a comfortable and prosperous freehold homestead in one of the choicest farming districts in the world. Full particulars may be obtained at the New South Wales Government Office, 33, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

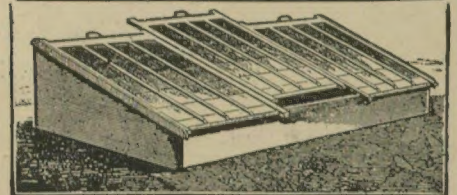
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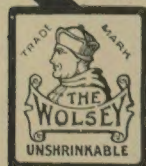
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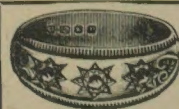
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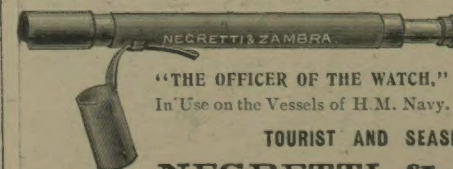
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KING'S CROSS (G.N.) dep.	9 53	9 53	9 53	9 53
DONCASTER arr.	12 48	12 48	12 48	12 48

	Tues., Sept. 12	Wed., Sept. 13	Fri., Sept. 15	Sat., Sept. 16
DONCASTER dep.	6 10	5 45	3 35	4 55
KING'S CROSS ar.	9 20	8 45	6 50	7 55

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B Stops at Wood Green for Alexandra Park Races.

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	2/- 12/11	4/- 25/11

LUNCHEON TICKETS	First Third	DINNER TICKETS	First Third
	2/6 2/6	3/6 3/6	2/6 2/6

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	Monday, Sept. 11 for 2, 3, 4 or 5 days.	Tuesday, Sept. 12 for 1, 2, 3, or 4 days.	Wednesday, Sept. 13 for 1, 2 or 3 days.	Thursday, Sept. 14 for 1 or 2 days.	Friday, Sept. 15 for 1 day.
King's Cross (G.N.) dep.	10 35	1 35	3 15	8 40	8 40
Doncaster arr.	2 9	4 33	6 20	11 45	12 5
	12 48	12 48	12 48	12 48	12 48

A Luncheon Cars attached to these Trains.

RETURN EXCURSION FARES	1, 2 or 3 days.	4 or 5 days.
	First Third	First Third
	27/- 13/6	28/- 14/-

LUNCHEON TICKETS	First Third	DINNER TICKETS	First Third
	2/6 2/6	3/6 3/6	2/6